

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England

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CHICAGO



'Susanna and the Elders', by a Bolognese painter, in the Glyn Vivian Art Gallery, Swansea: Quentin Bell has revisited the Gallery and discusses it on page 446

A Scream of Horror

By G. H. Bantock

Religion without God

By Ninian Smart

Lions and Water Wagtails

By Barbara Wootton

Saturn, the Ringed Planet

By Patrick Moore

Poetry as an Instrument of Research

By I. A. Richards

The Spiders and the Nurse

By Leonard Woolf

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The Listener

Vol. LXII. No. 1590

Thursday September 17 1959

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:

- Detention Orders and the Conseil d'Etat (C. J. Hamson) ... 419
Rhodesia and Nyasaland in Human Terms—I (Clyde Sanger) ... 421
Unresolved Problems at Casablanca (Erik de Mauny) ... 422
Dilemma in Poland (Douglas Stuart) ... 423

THE LISTENER:

- School Curricula ... 424
What They Are Saying (Derrick Sington) ... 424

- DID YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany) ... 425

EDUCATION:

- A Scream of Horror (G. H. Bantock) ... 427

- SCIENCE: Saturn, the Ringed Planet (Patrick Moore) ... 429

RELIGION:

- Religion without God (Ninian Smart) ... 431

- PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE LONDON SALON ... 433

REMINISCENCE:

- The Spiders and the Nurse (Leonard Woolf) ... 434

- TRAVEL: The Forgotten Province—I (Jan Carew) ... 435

POEMS:

- Rural Peace (Huw Menai) ... 436
Lazarus (Elizabeth Jennings) ... 438
God Pity Eagles (Iris Orton) ... 439

SOCIOLOGY:

- Lions and Water Wagtails (Barbara Wootton) ... 437

- B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 440

LITERATURE:

- Poetry as an Instrument of Research (I. A. Richards) ... 443
The Listener's Book Chronicle ... 451
New Novels (Graham Hough) ... 454

- ART: Forgotten Galleries—VI: Swansea (Quentin Bell) ... 446

- LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: From H. J. Godwin, H. E. Thomas, A. Nove, Federico Clark, F. R. Leavis, Professor William Wilson, Mollie Herbert-Dell, and Thomas Chaimowicz ... 447

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

- Television Documentary (Hilary Corke) ... 456
Television Drama (Irving Wardle) ... 457
Sound Drama (Ian Rodger) ... 457
The Spoken Word (David Paul) ... 459
Music (Scott Goddard) ... 459

MUSIC:

- Luigi Dallapiccola and the Stage (Arthur Jacobs) ... 460

- GARDENING: Sowing Half-hardy Annuals (F. H. Streeter) ... 462

- BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese) ... 462

- BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ... 463

- NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 463

- CROSSWORD NO. 1,529 ... 463

Detention Orders and the Conseil d'Etat

By C. J. HAMSON

THE making of detention orders is a matter now much in the public mind. Powers to make such orders have increasingly been taken and used, especially in the dependent or recently dependent territories of Africa, by governments operating systems of law which either are, or are closely akin to, the English system. These orders, euphemistically called detention orders, amount to imprisonment without trial for possibly long, and in some cases indefinite, periods. The exercise of such powers is shocking to the traditional concept of the Rule of Law. The actual hardship and suffering inflicted on individuals are considerable, and have in a limited number of cases been extreme, though judged in the gross they may be relatively small if we are willing to take as the basis of comparison, say, the slave labour camps in Siberia or the chaos which would result from anarchy. Nevertheless they constitute a grave departure from what we regard as the norm of civilized government; and that is lamentable.

What is much more lamentable is that they offer the worst possible example to the new independent governments now forming in these same territories. We have the prejudice to believe that these powers, if exercised by English administrators, will be fairly and reasonably exercised; and perhaps there are grounds upon which this belief can be warranted. But the standard of fairness and reasonableness is in this context extremely difficult to define and is virtually impossible to communicate to persons having a background different from our own. We should not be surprised if, relying upon our example, a newly formed government, whose real difficulties may well be great, should regard it

as legitimate to use the same kind of power for the purpose of locking up and putting out of harm's way a large proportion of the elected representatives of the opposition. Such conduct is calculated to lead either to revolution or to oppression, and these surely were not the ends to which were directed the genuine and considerable efforts we have made to improve the social and political condition of the formerly subject peoples.

One who is far removed from the scene of the emergency requires to show the utmost prudence and reserve. For my part I am willing to admit the need of such powers in an emergency and even the duty to use them, though the concept of an emergency which is more or less permanent is, to me, suspect. What does, however, seem appropriate is to attempt to specify the dilemma which the English system has created for itself in these matters, and to consider how a different system, the French, has avoided or resolved that dilemma.

It has been finally established in England, and therefore *a fortiori* in the dependent territories, that if the appropriate statutory formula has been used, the Minister making a detention order cannot be required to enter into a discussion of the facts upon which the order is based, even when the legality of the order is challenged before the court which has jurisdiction. In particular, where the formula has been used that the Minister may make the order if he is satisfied that, for example, it is prejudicial to the national interest that X should be allowed to continue at large, then the bare statement by the Minister that he is so satisfied is conclusive. The court is debarred from any inquiry into the real validity of the reasons, if any, which may have led him to attain

to his satisfaction. Accordingly in such cases the English court is limited to controlling the formal external legal validity of the order in question; and though it has been astute to discover a technical flaw in the order which it dislikes, the real efficacy of its control is extremely small.

It is no doubt regrettable that the House of Lords should have felt themselves compelled, if indeed they were, thus to reduce to insignificance the court's jurisdiction. But it does not seem to me certain that they were not so compelled. We have to take into account the nature of the English legal process as a whole. If the Minister were to put to the proof the validity of the reasons which induced him to act, he could in the English system set up that proof only by direct oral testimony in open court. The English system of proof has in general, in my opinion, very much indeed to commend it. But it may well be unreasonable, in a matter in which the public security is concerned, to require the Minister thus to disclose not only his information but the sources of his information and to offer the whole for cross-examination. If it is a case of all or nothing, if the choice really is that either the Minister need adduce no evidence or must prove his contention according to the established rules, then it seems to me impossible to say that the decision of the House of Lords is certainly wrong, at any rate so far as matters affecting the public security are concerned.

Yet nevertheless the vesting of such powers in the executive is shocking to the traditional concept of the rule of law. Not only are they powers which can be arbitrarily exercised: they are powers which in certain circumstances the executive would be most gravely tempted to exercise arbitrarily. And moreover the giving of such powers to the executive in one set of circumstances leads to the giving of them in another which presents some, if a lesser, degree of urgency, and thus to a sense that such powers are appropriate often or even generally to the executive when it has to deal with a complex or important situation. Any such sense of appropriateness, or the development of a habit of such action in the executive, seems to me to amount to a subversion of the rule of law, at least as it has been traditionally understood.

The French System

To turn to the solution of the dilemma, attained in a different system—the French system. I think that it is useful and encouraging to know that a solution has been found, whether or not it is applicable to our own condition; and the solution has in itself great merit. But instead of attempting to describe that solution, I propose to exemplify it by taking and analysing a concrete and recent instance—a case entitled *sieur Grange* decided by the Conseil d'Etat on January 30 last in *assemblée plénière*, its most solemn judicial organ.

This case resulted in the quashing of a detention order of February 25, 1957, made in respect of Monsieur Grange, an advocate at the Court of Appeal of Algiers, by the Prefect of Algiers under powers delegated to him by the Governor-General. The decision is in one sense an uncompromising one, in that two principles starkly confronted each other and the Conseil d'Etat preferred the one to the other with a categorical absoluteness surprising, as I believe, to a common law practitioner. It is the uncompromising choice which makes the case a leading one; but a consideration of the previous case law, cited by the *commissaire du gouvernement* Monsieur Chardeau at the hearing, and distinguished rather than overruled by the decision, would reveal the kind of balance which the Conseil d'Etat in fact seeks to maintain between the principles which here came into conflict.

The case is all the more arresting because the normal French penal process tolerates the imprisonment before trial of the person charged with crime—remand in custody is our own euphemistic expression—for periods of time which we judge intolerable. However, for our present purposes it should be observed, first, that at the time of the making of the detention order there was in Algeria, and there still unfortunately continues to exist, a crisis of the most evident severity. There was, to use neutral terms, actual armed conflict and warlike operations on a considerable scale. The existence of the emergency cannot be and was not questioned; and its extreme degree warrants the use of any powers which emergency can warrant. Secondly, the Governor-General was acting in virtue of the widest possible powers validly conferred upon him by the decree of March 17, 1956: under which

powers he was authorized to make a detention order against any person whose activity was judged to be dangerous to the public security or the public order (*dont l'activité s'avère dangereuse pour la sécurité ou l'ordre public*). Thirdly, there was no question of the validity of the delegation of his powers by the Governor-General to the Prefect. And, lastly, the manner in which the powers were actually exercised in the instant case was in exact accordance with the authority given: the order under which Grange was detained recited the very words of the decree without more, the material parts being in print to avoid any possible error in the repetition of the decretal formula.

It is, I think, clear, and it is important to note, that the formal validity of the detention order is unquestionable, and that if a court is limited (as in England in similar circumstances it certainly would be) to the examination of the formal external validity of the order, the order must be upheld. The Conseil d'Etat nevertheless quashed the order, and did so as the result of an examination of the surrounding circumstances and the merits of the case.

Protest by the Bar Council

The circumstances and the facts appear to have been as follows. Together with the appellant Grange, there were arrested thirteen other members of the Algerian Bar. These barristers had appeared for the defence in various legal proceedings against persons who adhered to the F.L.N. (the Algerian insurgents' organization) or to the Algerian Communist Party. It appeared to the Bar that concerted action was being taken by the administrative authorities against members of the Bar in respect of their professional activity; and the Bar Council officially protested. The protest produced no result beyond a denial by the administration that they had acted for the reason alleged. The case of the fourteen barristers came before the Parliamentary Commission, under the chairmanship of Monsieur Bêteille, that had been appointed to report on the protection of civil liberties. It seems that before this commission the administrative authorities had suggested that there was a criminal conspiracy between the barristers to aid and comfort the rebels. The commission reported that the allegation if well founded would warrant a normal prosecution, whereas preliminary proceedings (an *'instruction pénale'*) already taken had shown that there was no evidence of such a conspiracy. The appellant Grange was nevertheless maintained in custody.

In the meantime he attacked the detention order itself directly before the *tribunal administratif* in Algeria. The grounds upon which Grange requested the quashing of the order included *détournement de pouvoir*—that is, the use of powers for a purpose foreign to that for which they were conferred. In their pleadings the administrative authorities denied any such improper purpose and stated that Grange had been an active participant in the clandestine Communist organization. This may well have been a tactical error on the part of the administration, though in the critical case of Barel in 1954, in the absence of any reason adduced by the administration for its action, the court entered judgment for the complainant. The administration accordingly may find itself between the devil and the deep blue sea in its pleadings. In his reply Grange admitted that he had been a member of the Communist Party before its proscription but strenuously denied that he had maintained any contact with it after it had become illegal; and required the administration to offer some proof of his illegal participation. The court of first instance held that Grange had not established either that the grounds upon which the administrative authorities had acted were false or that there had been any *détournement de pouvoir*.

A Long-established Principle

Upon appeal to the Conseil d'Etat, Grange, in addition to reaffirming a *détournement de pouvoir*, relied upon the long-established principle that if the administration alleges a reason for its action it is bound to produce such evidence as will enable the court to judge whether the reason is well founded; and he further pleaded that, even if it is admitted that where the administrative authorities have made a precise allegation of fact the burden is upon the complainant to disprove that fact, nevertheless the burden of disproving a general allegation of illegal conduct such

(continued on page 439)

Rhodesia and Nyasaland in Human Terms

CLYDE SANGER on the white settler

THERE are two words which annoy most of the white men in Rhodesia and Nyasaland more than anything. One is the word 'experiment', when applied to the Federation which was formed six years ago of the two Colonial Office protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland and the self-governing colony of Southern Rhodesia. The other is the word 'settlers', which British politicians and newspapers sometimes use of white people in Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The word 'settler' conjures up a picture of a hard-faced land-grabber shouting at his black farm labourers, and then leaving them to slave in the fields while he goes off to play polo or drink in a club. This picture is a caricature of the facts.

To describe the Federation as an 'experiment' is much more justifiable. White Rhodesians dislike the word because it undermines the scheme which has brought a great deal of investment money into Central Africa and turned market towns into skyscraper cities. The word suggests that Federation could be scrapped. British Ministers have hastened to assure them that 'Federation is here to stay'.



Scene on a tobacco farm in Southern Rhodesia: *left*, the farmer examining a tobacco leaf



Nevertheless, it is an 'experiment'—a complicated experiment in race relations, with the promise made to the black man that he can become a full partner with the white. When, in such a huge laboratory containing 7,000,000 people, explosions occur like the recent racial explosions in Nyasaland, it is worth inquiring more about the human elements involved in such an experiment.

In this first of three talks about Central Africa, therefore, I want to describe the so-called 'white settler' as he really is; what attitude he has towards his black countrymen; how he regards the British Government. For the British Government controls two of the Federation's three territories, and has some powers of 'veto' over the Federal Government. In the second talk I will go into the characters of the African nationalist leaders, and consider what they hope to gain. In the last I will discuss whether, with these human elements, the experiment of partnership can really be made to work. This is a most important question for the whole British Commonwealth—and for the rest of Africa. For if the Federation should eventually break up after prolonged troubles and violence, this would be a blow to the prestige of the Commonwealth, which is so deeply concerned with problems of racial differences.

Unfortunately, most of the Federation's quarter-of-a-million white people have not begun to see their experiment in such a Commonwealth or world context. This, in a way, is understandable. The vast size of their country—the area is as great as France, Italy, and Spain put together—and the fact that it has no sea coast insulates them from the world. The newspapers carry the barest minimum of foreign news: the day that Molotov and Malenkov were dismissed, for instance, the country's leading newspaper noted this event in two short paragraphs.

This insulation or remoteness is felt most strongly when one stands in the middle of a great tobacco farm in Southern Rhodesia. Time there seems measured only by the growth of the tobacco plant,



Africans drilling in a mine, in the Copperbelt of Northern Rhodesia

which is the Colony's most important money-spinner. The remoteness is felt least in the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt, where the Federation's big wealth lies and where daily fluctuations on world markets are the most important consideration. But two whites out of every three live in Southern Rhodesia; and in Southern Rhodesia, although 75 per cent. of the whites now live in towns, these towns have really grown out of the countryside and the new cities are only just acquiring a spirit of their own. It has been the white Southern Rhodesian farmer who has dictated the character of his country—and of the country's politics.

Living on spacious acres, the Rhodesian farmers have worshipped 'bigness' in behaviour. Their favourite legends always concern bigness. Sometimes it is 'bigness' of endeavour: for instance, there was the Scotsman who needed water to irrigate his sugar estate and spent seven years hacking a canal through a granite hill and two more years dragging a huge sugar mill up from South Africa by wagon. Sometimes eccentricity is mixed in, too: there was the peer's son who spotted from an aircraft where he wanted to site his farm, drove a road twenty miles through the bush to it, and then paid for the land by tearing the tail off his shirt and writing a cheque on it. Sometimes it is just bigness in eccentricity: the mayor of a Copperbelt town used every year to challenge an elephant to a beer-drinking contest. Since he was in good practice and the elephant was not, the mayor always won. It fits into this picture of 'bigness' that the Federal Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, is a man of great girth and was once the country's heavyweight boxing champion.

Their remoteness and accent on 'bigness' colours the Rhodesian farmers' attitude to Britain. As they seem so far away from the rest of the world, they resent people from outside who show a critical interest in their country, especially socialist members of

parliament. Their dearest political wish is to become an independent dominion next year; and, though 88 per cent. of each year's immigrants are of British stock, they have said that they are prepared to 'go it alone' if Britain will not come to an acceptable agreement at the constitutional talks next year.

On the other hand, the white Rhodesians who live in the towns—three out of every four—are not remote from the outside world; but they still take their attitude from the farmer. The townsman leads an English-type suburban life, with sunshine and servants added. What he is remote from—and this is the biggest danger in Rhodesian politics—is any real contact with intelligent Africans. The farmer lives close to his Africans: he works with them in the field; his wife runs a clinic and a school for them. His attitude is frankly paternalistic, but it is also positive. In the towns, because of all the segregation laws, black and white live apart, eat apart. Unless he is journalist, a diplomat, or a politician, a white man knows a black man only as a messenger or a house servant.

In the towns, then, lies the key to Rhodesia's future. Most farmers will always hold conservative attitudes. True, in the towns there are many white artisans who fear African economic competition and so oppose African advancement. But there are also many others who need have no such fears because their skills are in such short supply. The outbreak of violence in Nyasaland last March and the state of emergency in Southern Rhodesia may have shocked white townsfolk into real-

izing that the slow growth of contact with the black intelligentsia must be speeded up. Let us hope so. For, if the experiment in Federation is to succeed, the cities and towns must grow up in their attitudes and begin to lead the country.—*European Services*
Next week Clyde Sanger will discuss the nationalist leaders in Central Africa.



Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

Unresolved Problems at Casablanca

By ERIK DE MAUNY, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent

IF one were being completely cynical, one might say that the Arab League conference at Casablanca left things almost exactly as they were before. But even looked at in the most favourable light, the balance sheet is not an easy one to assess. The mere fact that the League was meeting for the first time in the Magreb, the western part of the Arab world, could be, and was, loudly acclaimed as proof of the indivisibility of the Arab nations. In the words of the popular slogan: 'One nation from the Atlantic to the Gulf'.

It was, said the leader of the United Arab Republic delegation afterwards, one of the most productive sessions ever held in an atmosphere of general unity and harmony. But his words could not describe the conspicuous absence of two of the ten members of the League, Iraq and Tunisia, each of which remains deeply suspicious of the long-term motives of the United Arab Republic. Tunisia was indeed the target for a positive barrage of blandishments but, in the knowledge that U.A.R. is still giving refuge to Salah ben-Youssef, the sworn enemy of the Tunisian President, she preferred to remain aloof until the end.

Then again, as at so many Arab League meetings in the past, it proved easier to reach agreement on the subsidiary questions than on the main ones. Everyone agreed, for example, that the

Arab boycott of Israel must be strengthened and all possible steps taken to prevent further Jewish immigration. The U.A.R.'s action in denying the Suez Canal to Israeli goods and shipping received general assent, and there was full backing for Morocco's complaint to the United Nations against the impending French atomic tests in the Sahara. Aid was promised for the nationalist movement in Amman and support for the claims of the Yemen against the southern Arabian protectorates.

But on the two chief subjects on the agenda, Algeria and the Palestine refugee problem, the conference was unable to produce any clear-cut decisions. To be sure, it once more reaffirmed the Algerian people's right to independence and took the practical step of admitting representatives of the self-styled Algerian Provisional Government as observers. But when the chief Algerian delegate, Mr. Abdul Hamid Mehri, spoke at a news conference, his tone was noticeably cautious. The Nationalists would carry on the fight, he said. But meanwhile, President de Gaulle has hinted at giving self-determination to Algeria. Obviously the provisional government would not pass judgment on this until details of the plan, and the context in which it was to be offered, had been announced.

But if Algeria remained in suspense, it was even more difficult

to crystallize opinion on the Palestine issue. For this, the reasons are both simple and complex, tragic and ironical. For eleven years it has seemed that the one question on which the Arab States could never disagree was Palestine and the right of roughly a million Arab refugees to return to their homes in what is now Israel. For eleven years the Arab States have entrenched themselves in a fortress of impregnable moral rectitude and left the actual care of the refugees to the United Nations.

But in less than a year from now, the United Nations mandate for refugee relief is due to end and the fortress is threatening to turn into a cul-de-sac. Outwardly it still looks sturdy enough. As was expected, the Casablanca Conference gave a blunt rejection to Mr. Hammarskjöld's recent proposals, in which he said that the only solution for the refugee problem lay within an expanding economy for the Middle East as a whole. It was obviously feared—and, indeed, frankly admitted—that to accept this plan might mean accepting eventual liquidation of the Palestine Arab cause. But the problem that now perplexes Arab councils is how to give continuing expression to that cause. Proposals have been made

for forming a separate Palestine Arab Government and army. These might have had some chance of success except for one thing—they are totally unacceptable to the one country most closely affected: Jordan. 'Palestine?' said the Jordanian Prime Minister, a week or so ago. 'But we *are* the Palestine refugees'.

This is true. A good half of Jordan's present administration—to say nothing of the army and other services—is filled by Palestinians. No wonder, then, that the Jordan Government would regard any separate administration set up in the Arab-held areas of Palestine as a blow to its own existence. Logically, it would have the same reason to fear a general return of the refugees to their home. That is the real dilemma that faces the Arab countries, and it is one that goes much deeper than the simple alternatives of integration for the refugees or a return home. So it is not to be wondered at if the Casablanca conference took one long look at the problem and decided to defer it to the next meeting of the Arab League in January. By then the United Nations will have once more discussed the plight of the refugees, and it may not be necessary to take any action at all.

—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

Dilemma in Poland

By DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. special correspondent

IN Poland the Communist authorities are growing increasingly concerned over the country's agricultural production. The First Secretary of the Polish Communist Party, Mr. Gomulka, summed up the situation in these words: 'Agriculture and industry are indivisible. If Polish agriculture fails, the nation's whole economic plan fails'. He has called on the country's farmers to make a supreme effort to meet the demands of an increasing population.

The harsh facts are these: within three years, the population of Poland will have increased by 3,000,000 people. The people will then eat about 20 per cent. more than they do now. Already Poland has to import about 1,000,000 tons of grain a year. But it is not only the people who eat the food grown by the farmers; the nation's 3,000,000 horses eat almost as much grain as the people, and the number of horses is going up by almost a tenth every year. To meet this situation, Mr. Gomulka has put forward a two-point plan. First, he is urging the peasants of Poland to form what he calls 'agricultural circles'; these are loose co-operatives of individual farmers which the state has promised to help financially. Secondly, he has called for the mechanization of Polish farming so that the tractor can gradually replace the horse. The aim of this plan is to boost agricultural production by a third during the next six years by eliminating the small uneconomic peasant farms. Again and again, however, Mr. Gomulka has promised that he will not force the peasants to do what he wants. He has told them: 'You must act out of conviction and of your own free will'. And when Mr. Khrushchev visited Poland earlier this summer, the Russian leader gave his blessing to the Polish agricultural experiment.

The Polish farmers, however, are suspicious and unenthusiastic. They look on the 'agricultural circles' as the thin end of the collectivization wedge, and they do not want to form collective farms, either now or in five or six years' time. They like their small private farms, and they like their horses. Tractors go wrong, they say, and it is difficult to get them repaired.

This is where the Church comes in: Poland is a Roman Catholic country. In the Polish village, the priest plays a dominant role in the community's life. If the Church, therefore, were to co-operate with the Government over the authority's agricultural plan, if the parish priests were to speak out in favour of the agricultural circles, then the peasants might cease to be so suspicious; and once the peasants of Poland accept the Government's good faith, the plan can go forward. Unfortunately, the Church and the Communist Government of Poland are in conflict with each other over a host of questions and, on these matters, the peasants for the most part support the Church. It seems

unlikely, therefore, that the parish priests will back the Government's plan for agriculture.

The Communist authorities now face a gigantic dilemma: their prestige depends on the successful fulfilment of their economic plan; success, however, depends on the co-operation of the peasants, but the peasants will not co-operate unless the Church tells them to do so. The Church will not do this unless the Communists stop their attacks on religion. The nature of the Communist creed makes this impossible. On the other hand, the Polish Government dare not bring on an open fight with the Church: this would only consolidate peasant opposition. The stalemate appears complete; and, in the meantime, agricultural production, on which the future prosperity of Poland depends, remains stationary.

—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

What is Man?

Educational leaders have recently been urging that it is essential in the world today for everyone—whether he is a humanist or technician or whatever he may be—to be familiar with modern scientific ideas.

Starting next week therefore we shall be publishing in THE LISTENER a series of eight talks by distinguished scientists summarizing the latest theories about man's origin and evolution.

The series is entitled

'Man's Knowledge of Man'

The first talk, called 'The Beginning of Man',

by J. Z. YOUNG,

Professor of Anatomy at London University and
Reith Lecturer in 1950,

will be published next week

Ask your newsagent to reserve your copy each week

The Listener

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The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

School Curricula

AT Drury Lane Theatre, just 200 years ago, an English version of a Chinese tragedy was put on as a novelty. The prologue began:

Enough of Greece and Rome. Th' exhausted store
Of either nation now can charm no more.

These lines were quoted recently in an inaugural lecture delivered at Birmingham University by T. J. B. Spencer, the new Professor of English Language and Literature. He was describing a few of the ways in which the horizon of the British public in Edward Gibbon's day was being directed beyond the confines of Europe and the tradition of Greco-Roman learning out towards the cultures of the rest of the world. Professor Spencer's theme was incidental to his main purpose of reminding his university of the literary excellence to be found in such temporarily neglected books as Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* or Charles Darwin's *The Descent of Man*. Yet both the points Professor Spencer was making have value for modern educational theorists. How wide should the horizon of a pupil's education be? How can it be concentrated, in teaching a language, on the literature in which that language was written rather than on the mechanics of grammar or composition?

These were questions touched on in a talk in THE LISTENER last week by Mr. John Sharp, who was for some years one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. Mr. Sharp wanted more account taken of the modern world in class-room curricula. He protested against the continued dominance of Greek and Latin—'two languages which nobody speaks'—if learning them conflicted with learning to speak a modern language. He also pleaded for a better introduction of a pupil to the arts, including—besides music and painting—good literature. Many teachers will agree with these points. Indeed, some would claim that the order of our priorities in education is still uncomfortably close to what it was in Gibbon's day. How many secondary school pupils of today leave with any ability to talk Italian or German, let alone Russian? In another suggestion, Mr. Sharp wondered how much time a pupil could afford to give to the study of 'agricultural medieval England'. With this opinion teachers of history will be less likely to agree. Those who work in country towns like Exeter or Lincoln might well claim a clearer response to lessons about England's past, of which pupils could in fact see so much round them in field or stone, than lessons about, say, the growth of nationalization, 8,000 miles away, in a land few pupils were ever likely to visit.

In THE LISTENER today, Mr. G. H. Bantock takes up the theme of 'the widening gap between literature and the sciences' and, although he has reservations about Sir Charles Snow's views, he stresses that this is a fundamental problem of our times. How is it to be dealt with? Now, most headmasters are taking active steps at the moment to expand their scientific classes, in order to keep pace with the needs of the modern world. They may soon be prompted to try to repair the dangers of too strict a separation of scientist from non-scientist. Mr. Sharp has asked for new 'curricula'. The danger that could arise in drawing them up would be the risk of overloading. Specialization has its dangers but so has distraction, with too many subjects competing against each other for attention. Yet any fresh thought that can be given by leaders of educational opinion to the problems of how best to teach the majority of the young people of Britain is welcome.

What They Are Saying

China and India

WHILE INDIANS WERE STUDYING the Chinese Government's Note claiming large areas of Indian territory, Peking Radio was putting out a revealing broadcast to the Chinese people. Two clearly defined attitudes were taken up. Prime Minister Nehru's various statements, condemning Chinese border incursions as 'aggression' and deploring the Chinese maps which showed Indian areas as parts of China, were reported in a fairly objective and detached way. So was Mr. Nehru's announcement that the North-East Frontier Agency of India had been put under military control. The strongest expression used in connexion with the Indian Prime Minister was that he 'accused China violently'.

Entirely different were the expressions used in the Peking broadcast about what were called 'pro-American right-wing political parties' and 'pro-American reactionary newspapers' in India. The following passage is an example:

Within three days from August 29 to 31, New Delhi newspapers published about thirty commentaries viciously attacking China and carried all sorts of fabricated news about Chinese incursion into India.

The Chinese commentator attacked 'some Indian M.P.s' for 'slandering China' and for demanding drastic measures such as 'ousting the Chinese by force', and he went on:

For several days, nearly all Delhi newspapers front-paged such banner headlines as 'CHINESE INVASION OF INDIAN TERRITORY'. Such out-and-out rumours as 'Chinese troops enter Indian territory and raise Chinese flag' and 'Chinese troops invade Bhutan and Sikkim and menace Nepal' flooded Indian newspapers. Many journals used such violent language against China as 'Chinese aggressiveness', 'Han imperialism', and China is 'even worse than Western imperialism'.

The Peking transmission concluded with an attack on Indian 'reactionary politicians' who 'do their best to aggravate matters' and who 'harbour bitter hatred toward China'. They were accused of organizing the demonstrations outside the Chinese embassy and Chinese consulates in India.

Moscow Radio broadcast in English the full text of the Tass Agency's statement on Chinese-Indian relations. The statement referred only to 'an incident' and carefully omitted to examine the differences between China and India or Peking's territorial claims. Instead it embarked on a considerable 'red herring':

Definite political quarters and the press in the Western countries have started a noisy campaign around the incident which recently took place on the Chinese-Indian frontier in the area of the Himalayas. This campaign obviously has the purpose of driving a wedge between the two biggest countries of Asia—the People's Republic of China and the Republic of India.

The Russian statement, as broadcast, accused 'Western circles especially in the U.S.A.' of using the 'incident' to 'try to prevent relaxation of international tension' on the eve of the exchange of visits between Chairman Khrushchev and President Eisenhower. When Tass got round to discussing the Sino-Indian 'incident' itself it refrained carefully from taking sides:

The incident on the Chinese-Indian frontier is certainly deplorable. The Soviet Union maintains friendly relations with both the People's Republic of China and the Republic of India. Soviet leading quarters express confidence that the two Governments will settle the misunderstandings that have arisen.

The *New York Herald Tribune* was sceptical about Soviet sincerity in claiming to deplore the Chinese-Indian dispute:

The incongruity of Prime Minister Khrushchev coming to America to convince this country of Communism's amiability while Communists are shooting up the Indian frontier is quite apparent to the Kremlin. Doubtless Mr. Khrushchev could persuade his Far Eastern comrades to call off their little wars without much ado—but doubtless he prefers some method that would be more public and less effective in checking the ambitions of his allies. The Russian accusation that the West is using the frontier troubles to try to drive a wedge between India and China is absolutely grotesque in the light of Mr. Nehru's White Paper.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

BIRDS VERSUS AEROPLANES

'ONE OF OUR Vulcan jet bombers sent by the R.A.F. to this year's World's Congress of Flight at Las Vegas', said FRANK LANE in the Home Service, 'was forced to drop out of a demonstration because it had been damaged flying through a flock of birds. Some years ago American airline pilots reported collisions with birds at the rate of two a week, and during the migration seasons the rate was higher. No one knows the total number of collisions throughout the world, but I reckon it must be not less than 300 a year.'

'When an aeroplane hits a bird the impact speed may easily be 350 m.p.h.—300 for the aeroplane and 50 for the bird. With jets the speed may be doubled, and a collision at such speeds with a heavy bird can do a lot of damage. In America, a 'plane flying at night collided with a flock of swans—among the heaviest flying birds. One swan almost tore off the left vertical stabilizer, thus jamming the rudders; another dented the engine cowl; two went through the propeller; and another badly damaged a wing.'

'Collisions with small birds can also be serious. A sparrow hit the windshield of an Army observation plane, crashed through it and caused the pilot to make an emergency landing. Other collisions make me wonder whether some of the unsolved air disasters may have been caused by birds.'

'A variety of methods has been employed to keep birds off airfields. Trained falcons have been used to frighten them; but soon after the falcons were taken away the birds came back. It became obvious that to be really effective a falcon detachment would have to be stationed at each airfield permanently, and that was just not possible from both an economic and a staffing point of view.'

'Among other anti-bird measures which have been suggested or tried are shooting; firing rockets and Verey cartridges; dogs and scarecrows; electrical shock points on the runways to give the birds a "hot foot", as it were, and various artificially produced noises to distress the birds and make them seek quieter surroundings. There has been varying success with these methods but none has been successful enough to be widely adopted.'

'To minimize the collisions when they occur, a number of experiments have been carried out to find a bird-proof windshield that will remain intact in a collision with a bird. This is, of course, a vital spot as the pilot is just behind it.'



'Cows have most varied and marked personalities'

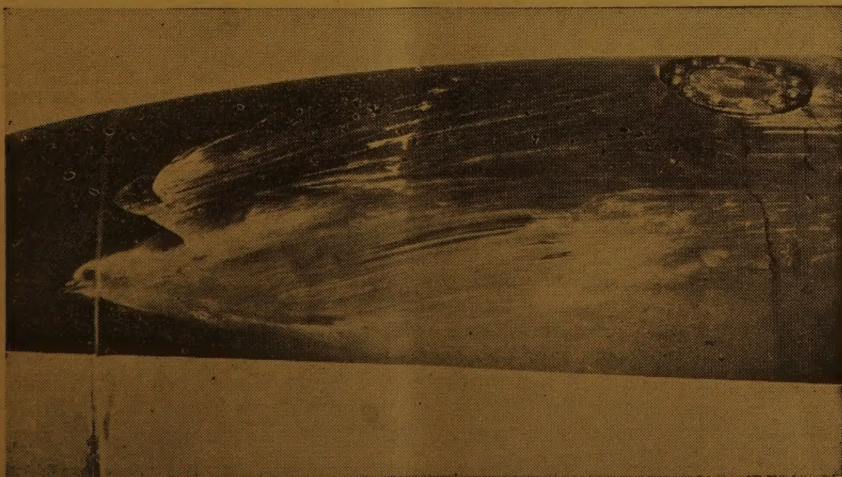
'The British Air Registration Board, the controlling body for civil aircraft in this country, specified some years ago that windshields should be strong enough to withstand the impact of a four-pound bird "when the aeroplane is flying at the speed appropriate to climb immediately after take-off". Experiments have shown that a windshield specially constructed for the purpose and having a total thickness of three-quarters of an inch will resist the impact of a four-pound carcass propelled at 300 m.p.h. and a fifteen-pound carcass at 200 m.p.h. But a much stronger windshield will be needed to safeguard a jet flying at 600 m.p.h. if it meets a twenty-pound swan, or adequately to protect one of those Vulcan jet bombers which ran into that flock of birds at Las Vegas'.

COWS OF CHARACTER

'The oldest cow in my herd was born on December 21, 1941, so that she will be eighteen years old next birthday', said GEORGE VILLIERS in 'Today'. 'To date she has had fourteen calves. At the height of her career she would give as much as eight gallons of milk a day, and during one year she produced twenty times her own weight in milk, or more or less her own weight in butter, whichever way you like to work it out. She is an exceptional cow as regards performance and has a charming and modest personality. Her name is Dairymaid.'

'You may be a little surprised at my talking of a cow's personality, but contrary to general belief cows do have most varied and marked personalities. About the only way that scientists can measure an animal's brain rating is to compare the actual weight of brain to its body weight, and, by that yardstick, cows are fairly high in the scale—considerably higher than a horse, for example.'

'Perhaps the most common characteristic of cows is their innate and insatiable curiosity, and that perhaps is why some people get scared of them. If you go into a field where there are a number of young cows the chances are that they will converge on you; but it is curiosity, not malice, that makes them do this. They want to have a look at you, and if you stay quite still they will probably have a lick at you, and



The imprint of a pigeon on the wing-tank of a Canadian jet aircraft after the 'plane had collided with a flock of pigeons

if you taste nice and salty they will probably go on licking you. The older ones will not bother: they have seen and tasted something like you before.

'Cows have amazingly good memories. When I was farming in Yorkshire I bought back a cow that had been sold about three years before. She was walked up the two miles from the station and behaved sedately till the farm gate was opened. Then she took charge, broke into a half canter, turned right-handed into the yard on two legs, turned right again, and did not stop till she was in the very same stall that she had occupied three years before.

'At first sight a cow may look clumsy. But watching a herd, you may perhaps see one cow get a fly in her eye or get a tickle in her ear: up comes a back leg and, as neat as can be, she will flick a fly out or apply the necessary scratch with her horny back hoof. I will not deny that they think very slowly, but think things out they do. One of Dairymaid's daughters has worked out an ingenious way of getting an extra ration. When milking time comes round, she will slip into the cow house in front of the others, not to get at her own manger quickly but to have a lick out of her neighbour's before reaching her own.

'Cows are most responsive to kindness and kind words, and they show that response by giving more milk to those who trouble to understand and treat them well. I had a letter once from a lady owner who claimed to have one cow that would actually shed a tear if spoken to harshly. I know enough about cows to believe that implicitly'.

FRIEND OF GENIUS

'One morning, a hundred years ago', said JOANNA RICHARDSON in 'The World of Books' (Network Three), 'a sad official statement appeared in *The Times* newspaper: "It is with much regret that we announce the death of the very popular author, Mr. Leigh Hunt". In a way it was rather ironic that Leigh Hunt should be regretted in this imposing way, for he had been a rebel, a liberal, a free-thinker, a Bohemian: in the words of Carlyle, he had been a poetical tinker. He had not been a great poet or, really, a great man. And yet *The Times* was right to mark his death, and we owe him a centenary tribute. For Leigh Hunt was the constant friend of genius.

'He was born in Southgate, Middlesex, in 1784: the son of a Philadelphian lawyer who had left the United States on account of his loyalist sympathies. Leigh Hunt (like Lamb and Coleridge) was educated at Christ's Hospital, and as soon as he left school he began writing verse. In 1808 he was editor of his brother's journal, *The Examiner*; and in 1813 both Leigh and his brother John were imprisoned for libelling the Prince Regent as "a fat Adonis of fifty".

'It was characteristic of Leigh Hunt that he made his prison not only an arbour but a literary salon. At Horsemonger Lane he so transformed his cell with wallpaper and distemper that it looked like a bower of roses under a Florentine heaven, and Lamb declared there was no room like it except in a fairy-tale. Both the Lambs, Charles and Mary, came to visit him, so did Hazlitt; and occasionally the turnkey admitted a still more distinguished visitor, Lord Byron, who brought Hunt books to help him with his poem, *The Story of Rimini*. In 1815, when Hunt was freed, another poet dashed off a sonnet in celebration: Keats wrote *On the Day that Mr. Leigh Hunt left Prison*.

'By the end of the year, with Marianne, his kind, prolific wife, Hunt had settled in the Vale of Health, at Hampstead; and it is here, in imagination, that one always sees him. His own poem, *The Story of Rimini*, is little read today, except, perhaps, by scholars. But throughout his life, he showed an extraordinary flair for discovering genius: in 1816, in *The Examiner*, he wrote an article "merely to notice three young writers, who appear to promise a considerable addition to the new school". He could hardly have guessed more brilliantly: one of the three young writers was Shelley, and another was Keats.

'The idyll at Hampstead could not last; Hunt's finances were always unsound, and soon they grew desperate. Marianne Hunt, that eternal cadger, wrote to Mrs. Shelley, and Hunt was invited to go to meet Shelley and Byron at Pisa; and we have a vivid description of Leigh, Marianne and six children being bundled into a hackney coach "in search of a more favourable climate and more favourable friends".

'Alas, the Italian venture was not so happy. The journal that Hunt was to publish ran only for a year; Byron proved difficult; and in 1825, with an even larger family, Hunt came home and made outspoken comments on him in *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*. He struggled on, against poverty; he welcomed the early poems of Tennyson. He became close friends with his neighbour in Chelsea, Thomas Carlyle: and Carlyle drew one of the most convincing pictures of Hunt at home:

His hair is grizzled, eyes black-hazel, complexion of the clearest dusky-brown; a thin glimmer of a smile plays over a face of cast-iron gravity. His house excels all you have ever read of—a poetical Tinkerdome, without parallel even in literature...

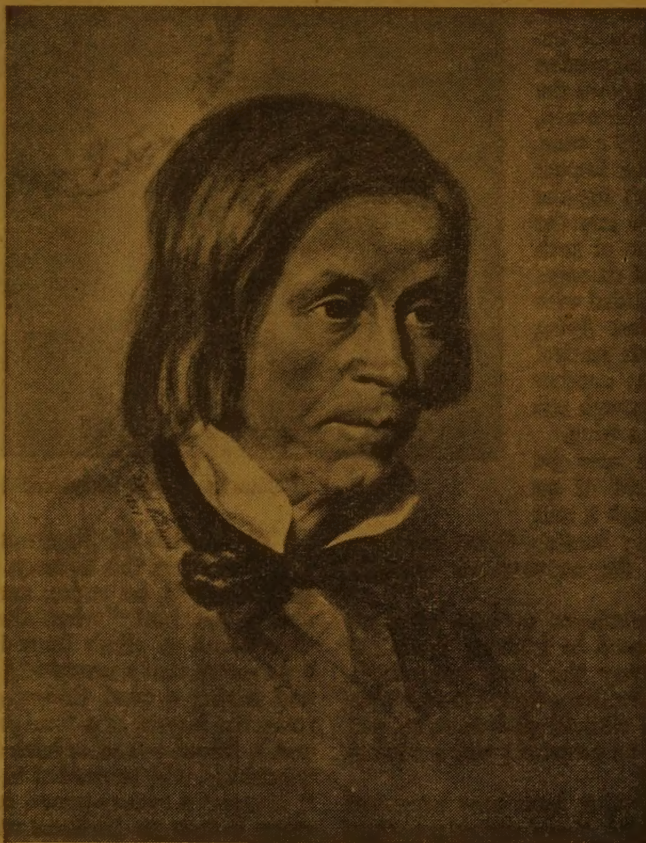
Yet the noble Hunt receives you in his Tinkerdome in the spirit of a king, and commences the liveliest dialogue on the prospects of man. A most interesting, pitiable, lovable man.

'Hunt moved from Chelsea to Kensington, and now, in his later days, wrote books of utter respectability: Macaulay thought he might well be Poet Laureate. Hunt did not receive the honour; but the journalist who had libelled the Prince Regent now received a present of £50 from Queen Victoria, and a Civil List pension'.

MANUSCRIPTS FROM TIBET

'Refugees coming from Tibet recently have brought stories of the destruction of Buddhist art treasures and historical documents in the lamaseries', said BURNARD SELBY in the General Overseas Service. 'These accusations have not been without effect in China. The New China News Agency has been broadcasting statements attributed to leading lamas who are still in Tibet saying that copies of the Buddhist scriptures and holy relics are being properly looked after.

'One of the most interesting consequences of the flight of so many of the lamas from Tibet has been the new flow of historical manuscripts over the Himalayas—especially into the small state of Sikkim. A new Institute of Tibetan Studies has been formed in Gangtok, the Sikkim capital, and with the help of Indian funds it is starting to translate Tibetan Buddhist manuscripts back into the Indian languages they were originally composed in. It looks as though the Chinese domination of Tibet—like the Turkish capture of Constantinople 500 years ago—will give a new impetus to the revival of classical learning in part of the outside world'.



Leigh Hunt: a crayon drawing made in 1851 by W. Frank Williams

A Scream of Horror

G. H. BANTOCK on reaction to the widening gap between literature and science

EVER since the seventeenth century, the widening gap between literature and the sciences has evoked controversy and mutual recrimination. Newton dismissed poetry as 'a kind of ingenious nonsense'; Thomas Sprat, the historian of the Royal Society, referred to the wits and writers as 'this pleasant but unprofitable sort of men'. In due course, the writers came to reply in kind. Swift makes us laugh at the Academy of Lagado. Blake prayed:

May God us keep
From Single vision and Newton's sleep!

Though in Blake's day and for some time after, writer and scientist were still capable of understanding what each was up to.

Two Separate 'Cultures'

In his recent Rede Lecture*, Sir Charles Snow is concerned about the fact that today scientist and writer comprehend each other so little that it is almost as if they were living in two separate 'cultures' or societies. The intellectual life of the Western world, he asserts, is being split into 'two polar groups'; at the one pole we find the literary intellectuals, at the other the scientists, particularly the physical scientists. Between the two there is a gulf of 'mutual incomprehension' of such magnitude that they can no longer find much common ground even on the emotional level. The non-scientists regard the scientists as 'shallowly optimistic', he thinks; the scientists look upon the literary intellectuals as lacking in social foresight, unconcerned about their fellow men, 'in a deep sense anti-intellectual'. Members of both groups can perhaps equally appreciate man's personal tragedy of isolation and aloneness; but they have very different views from one another about man's political and social condition. 'Most of our fellow human beings', Sir Charles asserts, 'are underfed and die before their time. In the crudest terms, that is the social condition'. The scientist, he thinks, wishes to serve his fellow men by helping to banish hunger. But he describes as 'broadly true' a statement by a scientist to the effect that nine out of ten of the writers who have dominated literary sensibility from 1914 to 1950 have been 'politically wicked' and that their influence, for example, brought 'Auschwitz that much nearer'; he mentions specifically Yeats, Pound, and Wyndham Lewis.

This is a surprising indictment. For it is possible to argue that what has characterized the twentieth-century writer has been the extent to which he has felt drawn towards the social problems of the day. During the 'thirties it was the writers who warned about the growing menace of nazism; as they saw many of their fellow-men take the road to Wigan Pier, they committed themselves to palliatory political programmes at home by moving 'forward from liberalism'; a number sacrificed their lives in Spain:

We were the prophets of a changeable morning
Who hoped for much but saw the clouds forewarning . . .
Spain was a death to us, Munich a warning

as Day Lewis put it. Indeed, it might be urged that it was the all too direct commitment of writers like Koestler, Orwell, Spender, Auden—to mention only a few who were influential during the 'thirties—which detracted from the quality of their work by associating them with attitudes too over-simplified to produce great writing. Certainly to suggest that they and their like are responsible for Auschwitz is inaccurate. To press the political irresponsibility of an untypical figure like Pound would be the equivalent of indicting post-war scientists because of the defection of men like Fuchs and Pontecorvo. And it is perhaps relevant to add that gas chambers were not invented by literary men.

The main point of Sir Charles's argument, however, is that this division between literary intellectuals and scientists, 'this polar-

ization is sheer loss to us all'. If we ask him why, we find in effect that he has two answers. One is an intellectual one. He hints at stimulating intellectual results which would come about as a consequence of a closer rapport. He thinks that there are creative possibilities when two subjects or disciplines cross-fertilize or in some way stimulate or rub up against each other: 'In the history of mental activity that has been where some of the break-throughs came', he considers.

Easy Sneers

I have a good deal of sympathy with this view of loss sustained. Certainly writers too easily sneer at 'illiterate' scientists without appreciating their own ignorance of what precisely it is to pursue the intellectual adventure of science. They have not been ready, as Wordsworth thought they should, to carry 'sensation into the midst of the objects of . . . science itself'. If the writer's theme, following Henry James, is 'felt life', then the 'felt life' of scientific discovery, for instance the effect on human personality and human relationships of pursuing knowledge under certain conditions, is as relevant a subject as any. Whether any such attempt to treat of pure science would induce the sort of 'break-through' Sir Charles has in mind, however, is more questionable. Had he been speaking of the social sciences, where human behaviour is in question, the prospects for cross-fertilization would have been a good deal rosier. There, the nature or even statement of a problem can often be illumined by a literary insight. But without deprecating Sir Charles's belief that the scientific edifice of the physical world 'is the most beautiful and wonderful *collective* work of the mind of man' (the italics are mine), it is difficult to see how literary insight and scientific theorizing can cross-fertilize except in the most general and abstract way. Twentieth-century science is admittedly a very different matter from nineteenth-century science: so that we need to admit a degree of personal involvement and a certain arbitrariness in conceptualization which has destroyed the earlier scientists' claim to depict 'reality'.

Here, perhaps, we can note an 'artistic', because personal and subjective, element in scientific work. Furthermore, since the eighteenth century and the decay of Christian and classical mythologies, the writer may be said to have been 'scientific' to the extent that he has sought the visible universe unencumbered by allegorical convention. Yet when we look at the concrete particulars of the way the two disciplines develop, we see that the degree of personal involvement is different in the two cases. As an important part of its function, science is concerned with making descriptive statements about the regularities in our experience and is to that extent in the grip of the facts.

The Literary Artist and the Scientist

The greatest writers, on the other hand, express a unique vision which is only imperfectly communicable. They generalize to the extent that they deal with our common world; but through their highly personal use of language, they explore their view of our common experience in a way which demands of us a high degree of empathy, leading at best to a relatively imperfect assimilation. The coherence they seek is an emotional one; one of an entirely different nature from that of the scientist. Moreover, the 'pure' scientist reports on what he finds, irrespective of its implications or of his feelings about it; his question is: 'How do things behave?' The great novelist and dramatist select in accordance with a scale of personal values, revealed through the choices of behaviour made by their characters; the writer's problem is the ontological mystery. What perhaps the literary artist can give the scientist is a degree of personal flexibility. What the scientist can give the artist is a measure of impersonality which tempers the idiosyncratic by the need to assimilate common features of a common world.

* *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution* (Cambridge, 3s. 6d.)

However, the other reason why Sir Charles regrets the lack of understanding between the two cultures is, from his point of view, much the more important one. For he most regrets the indifference or hostility of the literary intellectual to the *applications* of science. By such application, he asserts, people can be fed and kept alive: 'Industrialization is the only hope of the poor'. He lumps together a number of literary objectors to industrialization—Ruskin, William Morris, Thoreau, Emerson, and Lawrence—and dismisses their protests as 'kinds of fancies which were not in effect more than screams of horror'.

Catching Up with the Americans and Russians

Here Sir Charles is being a moralist. Although he talks of a mutual impoverishment brought about by the cleavage between the two cultures, his sympathies seem to be with the scientists; it is they who have most to offer. Their arguments, we read, are 'usually much more rigorous, and almost always at a higher conceptual level than literary persons' arguments'. Above all, where the moral life is concerned, the scientists, he says, 'are by and large the soundest group of intellectuals we have; there is a moral component right in the grain of science itself'. He looks at the purpose inherent in the practice of applied science and technology and finds that it is good. So that in fact the main aim of his paper is to persuade us to accept the 'scientific revolution', leading to the 'industrial society of electronics, atomic energy, automation'; he wants us to get on with the job of preparing our youth more fully for it. In this way we shall catch up with the Americans and Russians, who are praised for being 'more sensitive to the world they are living in'.

Here, in this matter of the application of science, what is at stake between the two cultures is not so much a gap of incomprehension as a clash of moralities. For many writers have been aware of the moral component at the heart of applied science, which can be summed up in the Baconian precept 'Knowledge is Power'. The notion 'Knowledge is Power' implies as much a moral imperative as a statement of fact: such knowledge, such power, it is suggested, is a good in that it is 'for the benefit and use of life'. The utilitarian ethos is implicit in the Baconian undertaking as it has been in that of the engineer ever since: the criterion of usefulness has implied a moral contract that it shall be a use for good.

The literary intellectuals have protested because they have grasped the implications of the Baconian position and disliked them. They have for a long time protested in a way which makes irresponsible Sir Charles's dismissal of them as uttering mere 'screams of horror'. At the heart of their discontent, repeated time and again and especially during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, lies a distaste for that stimulation of the assertive will which appears always to accompany the development of technical control over the forces of nature. During the period of the Renaissance, artistic culture was replaced by the desire for technical mastery. The difference this made can be sensed, as Professor L. C. Knights has pointed out, in the varied use of metaphor as employed by Shakespeare and Bacon. In Shakespeare, the complexity of metaphor is exploratory, a mode of defining the meaning; in Bacon, the function of metaphor is purely illustrative, exemplifying a meaning already fully defined. Bacon looks forward to a sort of writing, 'reducing all things as near the mathematical plainness as they can', of which the Royal Society approved. The literary men have argued that we have been the worse off for the change in that we have been denied sensitivities of apprehension and definition relevant to balanced psychic development.

The Romantics' Protest

Against this spirit of rationality the romantics protested, as they protested against that alienation of man from nature which has also sprung from his increasing desire to control its processes. Their stress is placed on

The gravitation and the filial bond
Of nature, that connect him with the world.

As, in the *Prelude*, Wordsworth defines this relationship, it is seen in essence to be a very different sort of relationship from the one implicit in the engineers' exploitation of the natural world for material ends.

My point is that the objections of the literary intellectuals to the trend of events Sir Charles is concerned to further have a long history; moreover, they are based ultimately on considerations of psychic and spiritual health. The writers whom Sir Charles dismisses as uttering 'various kinds of fancies' in fact commit themselves at the profoundest levels to an examination of the human condition in the sort of society Sir Charles has in mind. D. H. Lawrence is one of the writers he refers to. One of Lawrence's chief themes involves a concern for the human implications of the sort of rationalistic civilization in which we live, a civilization brought about by technical developments with their ethics of abundance. Far from ignoring the question of starvation, Lawrence faces it squarely when, in *Women in Love*, Birkin asks Gerald Crich what he lives for:

'What do I live for?' he repeated. 'I suppose I live to work, to produce something, in so far as I am a purposive being. Apart from that, I live because I am living'.

'And what's your work?' [asks Birkin]. 'Getting so many more tons of coal out of the earth every day. And when we've got all the coal we want, and all the plush furniture, and pianofortes, and the rabbits are all stewed and eaten, and we're all warm and our bellies are filled and we're listening to the young lady performing on the pianoforte—what then? What then, when you've made a real fair start with your material things?'

Even then, while we accept the force of Gerald Crich's reply—

'We haven't got there yet . . . A good many people are still waiting for the rabbit and the fire to cook it'.

—even, that is, as Lawrence faces us with the fact of scarcity and want, we are made aware, in the outcome of the book, that means to abundance such as Sir Charles has in mind contain implications for human relationships and the human condition which need to be questioned. For example, Gerald Crich wishes to rationalize the working of the coal mines; his purposes are bound up with what Lawrence calls the 'plausible ethics of production':

He had a fight to fight with Matter, with the earth and the coal it enclosed. This was the sole idea, to turn upon the inanimate matter of the underground, and reduce it to his will. And for this fight with matter, one must have perfect instruments in perfect organization, a mechanism so subtle and harmonious in its workings that it represents the single mind of man, and by its relentless repetition of given movement, will accomplish a purpose irresistibly, inhumanly. It was this inhuman principle in the mechanism he wanted to construct that inspired Gerald with an almost religious exaltation.

Spontaneous Intuitive Faculties

It would be perfectly proper to ask Lawrence to reveal positively those aspects of our human nature in terms of which he indicts industrialization and mechanization for its 'inhumanity'. In effect it was a chief effort of his whole work to make just such a definition. If, therefore, I urge in generalized terms that he wished to reawaken the old spontaneous intuitive faculties, the direct sensuous awareness of the external world in immediate contact before perception was clouded by the abstractness of modern rationalism, and an acceptance of the 'otherness' of other people which denies the right of the assertive will to dominate in personal relationships, it must be realized that such generalities have behind them much concrete presentation in the body of his books. Without such intuitive contact, he thought, rightly or wrongly, the life of most people was a dislocation. And with the widespread incidence of neurosis characteristic of our times, who will dare simply to dismiss his diagnosis as a 'scream of horror'.

Yet I remain grateful to Sir Charles for having so forcefully faced us with a fundamental issue of our times. He sees in the further development of industrialization an escape from the horrors of starvation and deprivation; and, of course, he is to that extent right. It is, however, matter for regret that he so peremptorily dismisses profound insights which, accepted and assimilated, might help us to make the further spread of industrialization a more humanly satisfying thing than it has been in the past. We have been warned before that Man does not live by bread alone.—*Third Programme*

Saturn, the Ringed Planet

By PATRICK MOORE

SATURN, the outermost of the planets known in ancient times, never shines so brilliantly as Venus or Jupiter. Its light is of a yellowish hue, and when well placed it may be very conspicuous; but it does look very like an ordinary star, and its movements against the constellation patterns are relatively slow. During the summer of 1959 Saturn has been visible in the southern part of the sky after sunset. Unfortunately it has been low down as seen from Great Britain, because it is well to the south of the celestial equator, and this has meant that detailed observations of it by astronomers in northern latitudes have been rather difficult.

In olden times Saturn was regarded as heavy and baleful—hence the adjective 'saturnine'—and to have an evil influence generally. The ancients would have been greatly surprised to learn that Saturn is in fact the least dense of all the planets; they would have been even more surprised to learn that it is undoubtedly the most beautiful object in the sky. The famous ring-system is unique, so far as we know, and no photograph or written description can do justice to it.

The rings were unknown in pre-telescopic times, since they are far below the limit of naked-eye visibility. When Galileo first turned his primitive 'optick tube' to the skies, three and a half centuries ago, he found Saturn a most puzzling object; there was something strange about its appearance, and for a time Galileo believed that the planet must be triple, with a large globe flanked on either side by smaller bodies. Subsequently he found that the two smaller globes could no longer be seen, and there were suggestions that the planet Saturn had followed the example of its mythological namesake and devoured its own offspring!

Galileo's telescopes were too feeble to allow him to come to any decision as to the unusual aspect of Saturn, but the mystery was solved in the mid-seventeenth century by Christiaan Huygens, a Dutchman who was probably the best observer of his day. Huygens found that, in his own words, Saturn is surrounded by 'a flat ring, which nowhere touches the body of the planet, and is inclined to the ecliptic'. He was correct so far as he went, but we now know that there are three principal rings—two bright and one dim. A schematic drawing of the ring system shows this. The ring system is of vast extent, since from one side to the other it measures roughly 170,000 miles. The outermost ring, A, is 10,000 miles wide; then comes a well-marked gap, known as Cassini's Division, with a width of 1,700 miles; and then Ring B, which is 16,000 miles wide.

The ring described by Huygens was a combination of A and B. His telescopes were not powerful enough to reveal the gap between them, and this feature was first described in 1675 by G. D. Cassini, an Italian astronomer who had been called to Paris to direct the new observatory there. Rings A and B are not alike, since B is much the brighter of the two. Even a small telescope of good performance will show the difference, and will also reveal Cassini's Division when the ring system is best displayed.

The innermost ring, C, is more generally known as the Crêpe or Dusky Ring. It was first recognized in 1850 by Bond in America and Dawes in England, and is semi-transparent. Though it is by no means conspicuous, it is not a difficult object in telescopes of moderate size, and it had been noticed several times

before 1850, though its true nature had not been discovered.

One might be tempted to suggest that the rings are solid or liquid sheets, and certainly they seem continuous enough when observed through a telescope. However, this cannot be the case. As long ago as 1857, Clerk Maxwell showed that a ring of this kind would be broken up by Saturn's powerful gravitational pull, and that consequently the only sort of ring which could exist so close to Saturn must be one which is made up of numerous independent particles whirling round the planet in the manner of dwarf moons.

It is out of the question to see the particles separately, even with the giant telescopes now available. Their exact size is not known, but most of them are probably comparable with sand-grains or small stones. However, the problem can be tackled indirectly. A

particle's speed will depend on its distance from Saturn; the closer bodies will move the faster, according to the usual laws of planetary motion, and the differing speeds can be measured by means of the spectro-scope. Keeler carried out this experiment in 1895, and his results were conclusive; the rings do indeed consist of individual pieces of matter. The rings have a higher reflecting power than Saturn itself, and experiments carried out by Kuiper in America indicate either that the particles are coated with hoar-

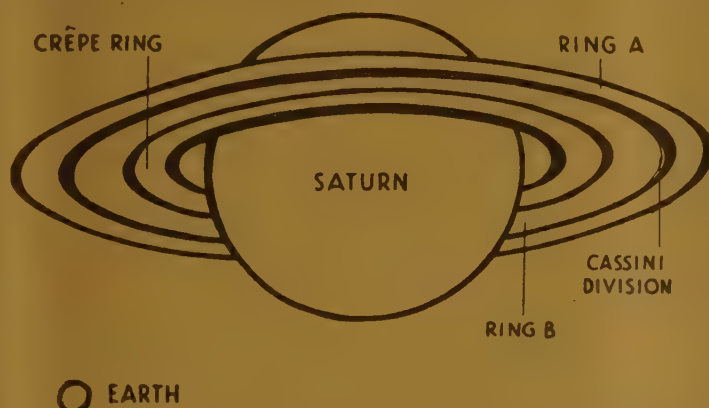
frost or else that they are made up entirely of ices.

Cassini's Division is of great interest. It looks like a gap, and this is precisely what it is; the ring particles seem to avoid it completely. The explanation is to be found in the gravitational pulls of Saturn's satellites—particularly the innermost, Mimas, which lies reasonably close to the outer boundary of the ring system, though it is distant enough to prevent its being pulled to pieces. If a particle enters Cassini's Division, the gravitational influence of Mimas soon removes it and returns it to the main ring zone.

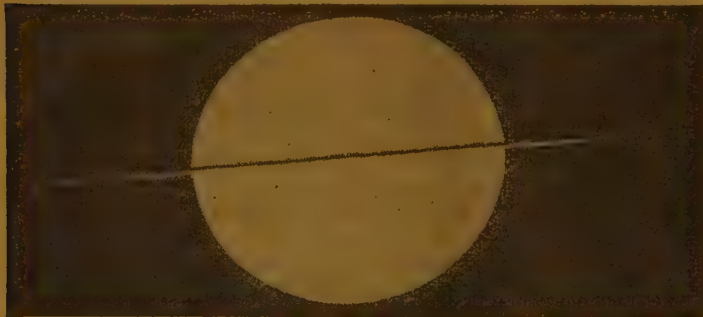
Other divisions have been noted from time to time. One of these, Encke's, lies in Ring A, and is prominent enough to be seen with a moderate telescope under good conditions; I have recorded it unmistakably with my own 12½-inch reflector, though whether it is a true gap similar to Cassini's is by no means certain. The remaining divisions are even less definite. Kuiper, who has studied the rings visually with large telescopes in America, states that they are more properly 'ripples'; using the 33-inch refractor at Meudon, near Paris (the most powerful telescope in this part of Europe), I have been unable to see any true divisions apart from Cassini's and possibly Encke's. A fourth dusky ring has also been reported, lying outside Ring A. Observations of it go back as far as 1909, but here again it has not been confirmed by observers using large telescopes, and its existence must be regarded as doubtful.

We have to confess that we do not know exactly how the rings came into being. One theory, still widely favoured, is that they were produced by the break-up of a former satellite, which wandered dangerously close to Saturn and was disrupted, so that its remains were spread round the planet. Alternatively, it may be that the rings were produced by the debris 'left over' in the far-off times when the planets and their satellites were themselves being formed.

Naturally, the ring system is circular, as would be plain if we could have a 'bird's-eye view' of it. From Earth, however, we



never see the rings in this guise; we have to observe them from an angle, and so in general they appear elliptical. Yet their thinness causes some remarkable changes of aspect. The thickness of the whole system cannot be more than fifty miles and is probably not more than ten miles, so that when seen edge-on the rings almost disappear. This is brought out by the drawings reproduced here. In 1951 the rings were edge-on, and as seen in my 8½-inch reflector they appeared as a thin line; at times they were difficult



Saturn with its rings edge-on, as it was seen in 1951: a drawing by Patrick Moore

to see at all. At the present time (1959) the rings are at their widest, but during the next few years they will close up again, becoming edge-on once more in 1966. In view of the present favourable conditions it is a great pity that Saturn is so low in the sky for northern observers.

The beauty of the ring system tends to distract attention from the globe, and in some ways this is unfortunate, since Saturn itself has many points of interest. It is a vast world, with an equatorial diameter of 75,000 miles; the polar diameter is appreciably less, and the flattening is obvious even in small telescopes. The reason for this is that Saturn spins quickly on its axis; the rotation period is not much more than ten hours, shorter than that of any other planet apart from Jupiter. On the other hand the sidereal period, or 'year', is twenty-nine and a half times as long as ours.

The average distance from the Sun is 886,000,000 miles. Saturn is therefore much more remote than Jupiter, and since it is also considerably smaller its surface features are less easy to observe. Belts can be made out, but spots are rare, and there are no semi-permanent disturbances such as the famous Great Red Spot on Jupiter. Yet Saturn and Jupiter appear to be alike in many ways, and their constitutions are almost certainly similar. Unfortunately we are still far from certain about the make-up of these giant worlds. On a model proposed some years ago by R. Wildt, Saturn has a rocky metallic core 28,000 miles in diameter, overlaid by an ice layer 8,000 miles deep which is itself overlaid by a gaseous layer 16,000 miles thick. A different model, proposed by Ramsey, suggests that the planet may be made up mainly of hydrogen, though near the centre this hydrogen will be so compressed that it will actually start to behave like a metal.

There can be no doubt that the outer layers—the 'surface' seen telescopically—are made up of gas, and that hydrogen is abundant. Hydrogen compounds such as methane and ammonia have been detected by means of the spectroscope; this is also the case for Jupiter, though here there is more detectable ammonia and less methane than with Saturn. The mean density of Saturn, incidentally, is less than that of water. The temperature is extremely low, and has been estimated at -240 degrees Fahrenheit. In the circumstances, it is obvious that life of any kind is out of the question. It is equally clear that even in the remote future, when interplanetary travel has been achieved, no landings there will be possible!

Major spots are most unusual, but they do appear from time to time, and a particularly interesting one was discovered in August 1933 by W. T. Hay, a skilful and energetic amateur astronomer who is perhaps better remembered by non-scientists as Will Hay, the comedian. The spot was strongly white, and for a time was an easy object in a small telescope. It gradually lengthened, and the portion of the disk following it darkened; subsequently the forward end of the spot became diffused in

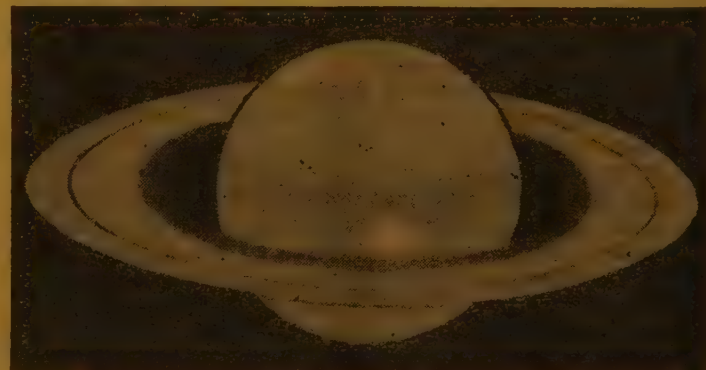
outline, the following end remaining sharp and clear-cut. It seemed as though matter were being thrown up from an outbreak below the visible surface. However, the spot did not last for long, and in a few months it had disappeared completely. Other white spots have been seen since, but all have been much inferior to Hay's in size and brilliance. The drawing given here was made by Hay himself a few nights after his discovery. Outbreaks of this sort cannot be predicted, and it is clear that Saturn is always worth watching. It is a more difficult object than Jupiter, and its surface is less active, but one can never tell when a new disturbance will appear.

Saturn has a wealth of satellites. Nine are known; a tenth was reported by Pickering in 1904, and was named Themis; but its existence has not been confirmed, and few astronomers now believe in its reality. Pickering was a skilful observer of great experience, but in this case it seems likely that he mistook a faint star for a satellite.

Of the real moons, the largest is Titan, which has a diameter of perhaps 3,500 miles, and is thus considerably larger than the planet Mercury. It has an escape velocity of two miles per second, and in 1944 G. P. Kuiper was able to detect an atmosphere. Admittedly this atmosphere is unfavourable for any sort of life, since it appears to consist mainly of methane; but no other satellite in the Solar System has been proved to possess any atmosphere at all. Titan may be seen with a 3-inch refractor, and with large telescopes some vague surface details may be made out.

Iapetus, the eighth satellite in order of distance from Saturn, has a revolution period of over seventy-nine days, and a mean distance of over 2,000,000 miles from its parent planet. It is peculiar inasmuch as it varies in brightness. When at its greatest apparent distance west of Saturn, it is comparatively prominent, but near eastern elongation its brilliancy is much reduced. This can mean only that one hemisphere is much more reflective than the other. Like other satellites, Iapetus has a 'captured' rotation, and keeps the same face toward Saturn all the time.

Moderate telescopes will show more of the satellites—Rhea, Dione, and Tethys. Mimas and Enceladus, which are closer to the planet, are more difficult objects, and so is Hyperion, which is farther out but is of small size (its diameter can hardly exceed 300 miles). Phoebe, the outermost and smallest satellite, is interesting because it has retrograde motion; it moves round Saturn in a direction opposite to that of its companions. It is also very distant—more than 8,000,000 miles from Saturn—and takes 550½



A drawing of Saturn by W. T. Hay, showing the white spot which he discovered in 1933

days to complete one revolution. It has been suggested that Phoebe is not a true satellite at all, but merely a minor planet or asteroid which was captured by Saturn in the remote past.

In every way Saturn is a fascinating world. When the rings are at their widest, as at the present moment, it is particularly beautiful, and a modest telescope will give an excellent view of it. It forms a spectacle so magnificent that it can never be forgotten.

—From 'The Sky at Night', presented on B.B.C. Television in August

Three new 'Penguin Specials' are published today to mark the forthcoming General Election. Their titles are: *The Conservative Case*, by Lord Hailsham; *The Labour Case*, by Roy Jenkins; and *The Liberal Case*, by Roger Bulford. Each costs 2s. 6d.

Religion without God

By NINIAN SMART

THE comparative study of religion, like other comparative studies, is to be valued chiefly for the questions it suggests. A learned catalogue of resemblances and differences is not enough. The vital thing is how we interpret them. Above all, the study of religions can stimulate important philosophical enquiries, especially where we are trying to get clearer about the nature of religious language. Commonly, those who are trying to do this merely examine the concepts of Western theology or of the Judaic group of faiths. This is to forget that there are other and profound teachings which merit our attention, such as those of Hinduism and Buddhism. And it is to forget that the central concepts of such religions are often astonishingly different from those of Christianity, Judaism, or Islam. Likewise, it is not sufficient for theologians and apologists to appeal to revelation, when there are such important and diverse alternatives.

Take Buddhism, and Theravāda Buddhism in particular. Here there is no doctrine of God or of creation, no worship worth speaking of, no grace; not even a belief in the immortality of the soul. Questions about the beginning of the universe and about personal immortality are not, said the Buddha, conducive to salvation: an astounding remark, to Western ears. To put a simile of his into modern terms: when you are struck by a bullet in battle, you do not, before asking for help, first inquire about the name, rank, and number of the man who shot you. The Buddha seems like a Wittgenstein in his distrust of metaphysical speculation. But his reasons for this were distinctively spiritual, rather than philosophical. For, despite his agnosticism, he did preach a doctrine of salvation. He taught that one could attain nirvana. Hereby one could gain peace and insight, together with the assurance that one would not be reborn in the otherwise endless cycle of rebirth.

Interpreting a Faith in its Own Terms

But so different is this from the theism to which most of us are accustomed, that we might wish to deny that Buddhism is a religion. Certainly, on an old-fashioned view of definition on which things named by the same word must have a common essence, we cannot claim that both early Islam and Theravāda Buddhism are religions. For their doctrines have nothing substantial in common. One might here take refuge in vague generality and say that religion is what concerns man ultimately, or something of the sort. But the door will be left wide open here. Don Juan's ultimate concern was, by all reports, the pursuit of women, but we cannot seriously call this a religion.

Again, one might try distorting the doctrines of Buddhism and claim that it really involves a crypto-theism—that nirvana really involves personal immortality, that the law of karma is really something like Providence. But though a reinterpretation of Buddhism in terms of one's own faith may be all right in the mission field, it is dangerous elsewhere. Surely a religion is entitled first of all to be interpreted in its own terms. And Theravāda Buddhism is explicitly agnostic about God and personal immortality.

Another line is to say that all religions deal with the ineffable, and so they are all striving for the same thing—they are different fingers pointing towards the same moon. But though it is perhaps true that genuine religion involves transcending the overt meaning of doctrinal statements, we all have to begin with the doctrines. And it is notorious that many who claim that all religions point in the same direction tend to define the direction by reference to their own beliefs. In any case, even if doctrines are like Wittgenstein's ladder, to be kicked away once we have climbed up, there is no assurance that all the ladders are leaning against the same wall.

Nevertheless, we do still want to call Buddhism a religion. For

religions possess family resemblance. Early Islam, exclusively theistic as it is, possesses affinities to the religion of the *Bhagavadgītā*. And this again has resemblances to Brāhmanism and to Sāṅkhya. These in turn have likenesses to early Buddhism. And so, though early Islam and Theravāda Buddhism are very unlike, they both belong to the same family, a family constituted by a network of subtle and overlapping affinities. To say all this is not just a trivial way of making the word 'religion' fit. It involves much more. It is tantamount to recognizing that there are different types of spiritual activities and goals. And this can be illustrated by looking again at Theravāda Buddhism.

Buddhism and the Western Mystics

For the striking thing about this form of Buddhism is that it is the most luminous example of a purely mystical religion. By this I mean that its doctrines are geared to the single aim of inner enlightenment. This is the centre, the heart of Theravāda Buddhism. Everything else is jettisoned, save the moral teachings going with it and constituting part of the Eightfold Path. Worship of the gods or of God has no significance here. Yet there is a distinct resemblance between the Buddhist quest and that of Western mystics. It is true that, doctrinally, the beatific vision is differently described by Christians and by Buddhists, and that one cannot compartmentalize human experience, so that the mystical attainment may well be different within the atmosphere of theism. Nevertheless, the correspondences remain. In a word, there is, in Buddhism, mysticism without the worship of God, just as conversely in some periods of religious history there has been the worship of God without mysticism.

So the example brings out the point that there is no necessary connexion between what is found within, in the quest for mystical illumination, and God the transcendent Creator. It is, if you like, an interpretation of the mystical experience to say that it is a vision of God. I do not wish to say that the interpretation is incorrect, but merely that it is not logically necessary. We are not forced to say that what St. Teresa found in her Interior Castle is one with the God who appeared so terrifyingly to Job. But not only is this conclusion yielded by the study of Theravāda Buddhism and other non-theistic systems such as Jainism, but it is corroborated by reflection upon the epistemology of religion. For the numinous object of worship leaves its traces, so to speak, in the visible world. The heavens declare the glory of God, and God is at the same time concealed from us by the observable universe. He is hidden behind or beyond the things which we see around us. But, on the other hand, it is by looking not for traces in the visible world but within ourselves that we can attain to a mystical vision. The numinous Creator is beyond what we see, the mystical goal is this side of what we see. The two ways of coming to know are different. One might therefore expect what we discover in the history of religions, namely that it is possible to have mysticism without the religion of divine worship.

Identification with the Object of Worship

Why, then, should the mystical experience be so commonly interpreted in a theistic or monistic sense? Why do many wish to say that what is found in the depths of the soul is one with the Power which sustains the cosmos? These questions can issue in a broader investigation of why so characteristically in religion there is a tendency to identify entities which at first sight may seem disparate. For example, in Mahāyāna Buddhism the Buddha is sometimes said to be in some sense identical with the Absolute. In Christianity a human figure is said to be one with the Creator. In Hinduism we find the influential doctrine that the eternal element within man is identical with Brahman, the sacred power

sustaining the world. Thus, to quote the *Chândogya Upanishad*:

This is my Self within the heart, tinier than a rice-grain, tinier than a barley-corn or a mustard-seed or a grain of millet or the kernel of a grain of millet. This is myself within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than these worlds.

Such examples should make one reflect on the bizarre logic of religious assertions. But it is not enough to say that revelations are necessarily mysterious and incomprehensible, that apparent contradiction is the hall-mark of doctrines. For not all seemingly contradictory utterances serve to express religious truths. To say that melons are really bananas is doubtless baffling, but no one would mistake this for a religious paradox. Doctrines are often enough mysterious, but in a special way, and it is one of the jobs of philosophy and of comparative religion to elucidate the nature of this special way. To do this involves illuminating the grounds of the paradox; that is, the reasons why the two arms of the paradox are brought together. It also involves showing that the paradox is not a real contradiction. For if any religious assertion is self-contradictory, it is meaningless, and if meaningless, then it cannot be true.

Overlap in Language

Let us return then to the paradox that the mystical goal is in some way identical with the supreme object of worship. Though in Theravāda Buddhism we find what is, in the sense I have described, a more or less purely mystical religion, without the worship of God or of an incarnate Buddha, we find too that some of the things which are said about nirvana are reminiscent of those things which we say about God. That is, there is an overlap between the language of mysticism and the language of worship. For example, nirvana is described by such epithets as the Immortal, the Other Shore, Supreme Peace. Nirvana is the Immortal because (among other reasons) the mystic's goal is a condition where he is beyond fear, even the fear of death—and so nirvana is also called *akutobhaya*, 'with nothing to fear from anywhere'. And it is a condition where he attains a certain timelessness: as Vaughan puts it, 'I saw Eternity the other night'. Again, nirvana is the Other Shore because it transcends the world of sense-experience, for it involves a yoga which frees us from the ordinary world about us. It is supreme peace, for here the mystic is beyond the vale of human tribulation, in the power and the serenity of his character.

The deathlessness ascribed to nirvana reminds us of the immortality associated with God, who is beyond time. The transcendence of the world of sense-experience reminds us of the otherness of the Creator, who is screened from human gaze. And the power and depth of the saint's character when he attains nirvana is suggestive of the grace or holy power of God. Thus there are resemblances, though admittedly very loose resemblances, between nirvana and God. So while on the one hand we are at liberty to be like the Buddha, and divorce mysticism from the worship of God, there are also certain features of mystical experience which hint at a connexion between it and God. The identification of the inner goal with God is, then, neither self-evidently correct nor entirely implausible.

The simplest example of such an identification is to be found in the doctrine of Advaita Vedānta already mentioned—namely that Brahman, the power pervading and sustaining the cosmos, is the same as the Atman or Self to be realized within one. The loose resemblances alluded to make the Brahman-Atman paradox plausible. The resemblances, together with the desire to accommodate two main aspects of religious experience together, constitute the grounds of the paradox.

We cannot call such a religious paradox a strict self-contradiction. For it is already in a peculiar sense of 'beyond' that God is beyond or outside the world; and it is in a peculiar sense of 'within' in which the Atman is said to lie within man. One does not find God by travelling upwards or outwards from the planet Earth, and it was fatuous of the Union of the Godless to send a Soviet pilot up to 30,000 feet to see if he could observe God. Likewise, the Self is not to be discovered literally inside us, for if you cut me open you will find my heart and brain, but not my spirit. It is a contradiction to say that Henry is both in New York and Calcutta, for New York and Calcutta are literally places. Not so heaven and nirvana. We see, then, that the paradox

is permissible in the sense that it has grounds and does not necessarily involve a contradiction. The strand of discourse which concerns the interior quest becomes intertwined with that strand which concerns the object of worship.

The Cloud of Unknowing

But though there are reasons for this intermingling, a certain tension is bound to remain. As Devendranath Tagore succinctly put it:

What we want is to worship God. But if the worshipper and the object of worship become one, how can there be any worship?

For the inner goal, it must be stressed, is one where there is a vision which is no literal vision, and where there is no easy distinction to be made between subject and object. It is not like standing here and looking at the rose over there. Consequently the mystic tends to speak of his attainment as union with or absorption into God. This language of deification, needless to say, can well cause offence to the ordinary worshipper, who is only too well aware of the great gulf fixed between the holy and mighty object of worship and the sinful and puny devotee. It is a sin, as the Indian Caitanya said, to call any creature God.

Moreover, and apart from this, a mystical theology may tend to depersonalize God: for in the cloud of unknowing there are no attributes; and hence no attributes are to be ascribed to the supreme and ineffable Godhead. Rather, ontological terms like 'ultimate Reality', 'Being' and 'the One' may be preferred, for they have no descriptive content. Ruysbroeck says, for instance, speaking of the mystical experience:

And here is a death in fruition and a meeting and dying into the nudity of Pure Being.

Likewise Tauler says:

In this lost condition nothing is to be seen but a ground which rests upon itself, everywhere one Being, one Life. It is thus, man may say, that he becomes unknowing, unloving and senseless.

This remark, though spoken within the context of Christian theism, could well be echoed by those who do not subscribe to a personalistic theology.

This impersonal way of speaking of God is seen in its fullest extreme in the theology of Shankara, where Brahman is the sole Reality and the world is illusion, a cosmic conjuring trick. By the same token, the picture of God as the personal Lord and Creator is itself implicated in the illusion and is merely an image which serves the purposes of worship. But Brahman in itself is without attributes, save those of being, consciousness and bliss. Yet, on the other hand, there are theologies where the situation is reversed—for instance in the *Bhagavadgītā*, where the personal aspect of the Godhead is made supreme.

Different Doctrinal Systems

Thus there are different ways of blending the language of mysticism and that of personal theism. And the different blends are enshrined in different doctrinal systems. But it would be hazardous to analyse a doctrinal system into its constituents, were it not that they appear elsewhere in more or less pure form, as in the Theravāda and in early Islam. Thus the comparative study of religion is an indispensable element in the philosophy of religion. Perhaps the reverse is true also. Of course, there are other important doctrinal constituents which we have not considered here, notably the concept of an incarnation. But I have said enough to show that one can gain some insight into the nature of religious language by discriminating different strands thereof. Religious discourse is not homogeneous, and some doctrinal systems are logically variegated.

All this has relevance also to apologists, whether Christian or otherwise. The question 'Is religion true?' is futile. For there are different patterns of revelation, and we must choose our doctrinal ladder before we can climb upwards to understanding. And we must know why one revelation is to be appealed to rather than another. Neither theologians nor philosophers of religion can afford to remain in a state of cultural tribalism.

—Third Programme

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE LONDON SALON



Three photographs from an exhibition marking the golden jubilee of the London Salon of Photography, at the R.W.S. Galleries, 26-27 Conduit Street, London, W.1, until October 3:

Above: 'Portrait of Sister' by V. Akhlov (U.S.S.R.)

Right: 'My Pet' by K. F. Wong (Sarawak)

Below: 'Sorella Neve' by Pietro Vistali (Italy)



The Spiders and the Nurse

By LEONARD WOOLF

HAPPINESS and unhappiness seem to me of immense importance, perhaps the most important things in life. I am not thinking of pleasure and pain, which comparatively are unimportant. What is the cause of the innate and devastating unhappiness of the human infant, who without provocation at any time in the day or night will go into loud paroxysms of misery and despair? The young of no other animal suffers from this cosmic desolation.

So far as I am concerned this primeval pessimism of man is autobiographically irrelevant, for I cannot remember anything about my infancy. At the time my memories begin we were a cheerful and happy family of children with cheerful and happy parents. And yet I can vividly recall two occasions when, at a very early age, I was suddenly stricken with an acute pang of cosmic rather than personal unhappiness.

My first experience of *Weltschmerz*, if that is what it was, must have come to me at the age of five or six. We lived in a large house in Lexham Gardens in Kensington, and behind the house was a garden, a long parallelogram of grass enclosed by the house on the north and on the other three sides by three grimy six-foot brick walls. It was a typical London garden of that era, of the year 1885 or 1886. Each child was given a few feet of bed for his own personal 'garden' and there we sowed seeds or grew pansies bought off barrows in the Earls Court Road. I was very fond of this garden and of my 'garden', and it was here that I first experienced that profound, cosmic melancholia which is hidden in every human heart and can be heard at its best—or should one say worst?—in the infant 'crying in the night and with no language but a cry'. It happened in this way.

Summer Exodus

Every year in the last week of July or the first week of August the whole Woolf family went away for a summer holiday into the country. It was a remarkable performance or ritual which the British middle-class had developed in the nineteenth century. In our family, which eventually numbered nine children, it was a large-scale exodus. First my mother went off and looked for houses. Then we were told that a house had been 'taken'. When the day came, with tremendous excitement, six, seven, eight, and eventually nine children, a governess, nurses, male and female servants, a pug dog, a cat, canaries, at one time two white rats in a bird-cage, together with mountains of luggage, were transported in an omnibus to the station and then in a reserved 'saloon' railway carriage to our destination.

I can remember returning one late, chilly September afternoon to Lexham Gardens from our holiday and rushing out eagerly to see the back garden. There it lay in its grimy solitude. There was not a breath of air. There were no flowers; a few sickly, spindly lilac bushes drooped in the beds. The grimy ivy drooped on the grimy walls. And all over the walls, from ivy leaf to ivy leaf, were large or small spider-webs, dozens and dozens of them, quite motionless, and motionless in the centre of each web sat a large or small, a fat or a lean spider. I stood by myself in the patch of scurfy grass and contemplated the spiders; I can still smell the smell of sour earth and of sooty ivy; I can still feel the weight of the grey London sky and of the breathless, clammy London air of a September afternoon. And suddenly my whole mind and body seemed to be overwhelmed in melancholy. I did not cry, though there were, I think, tears in my eyes; I had experienced for the first time, without understanding it, that sense of cosmic unhappiness which comes upon us when those that look out of the windows be darkened, when the daughters of music are brought low, the doors are shut in the street, the sound of the grinding is low, the grasshopper is a burden, and desire fails.

There is another curious fact connected with my first Ecclesiastical passion of despair among the spiders and spider-webs in

the garden. Forty years later, when I was trying to teach myself Russian, I read Aksakov and the memories of his childhood. His description of the garden and the raspberry canes recalled to me most vividly my spider-haunted London garden and the despair that came upon me that September afternoon. I felt that what I had experienced among the spiders and the ivy he must have experienced half a century before among the raspberries in Russia.

Adventure with Newts

The second occasion on which I felt the burden of a grasshopper and of a hostile universe weigh down my spirit must have been when I was about eight years old. The whole Woolf caravan and menagerie had travelled to Yorkshire—to Whitby. We arrived in the late afternoon and found ourselves in a large, new, red-bricked house on a cliff overlooking the sea. After tea I wandered out by myself to explore the garden. Along the side facing the sea ran a long, low mound or rampart. I sat there in the sunshine looking down on the sparkling water. It smelt and felt so good after the long hours in the stuffy train. And then suddenly, quite near to me, out of a hole in the bank came two large black and yellow newts. They did not notice me and stretched themselves out to bask in the sun. They entranced me and I forgot everything, including time, as I sat there with those strange, beautiful creatures, surrounded by blue sky, sunshine and the sparkling sea. I do not know how long I had sat there when, all at once, for no reason, I felt afraid.

I looked up and an enormous black thunder cloud had crept up and now covered more than half the sky. It was just blotting out the sun, and, as it did so, the newts scuttled back into their hole. It was terrifying, and, no doubt, I was terrified. But I felt something more powerful than fear; once more that sense of profound, passive, cosmic despair, the melancholy of a human being eager for happiness and beauty, powerless in face of the hostile universe. As the great raindrops began to fall and the thunder to growl over the sea, I crept back into the house with a curious muddle of fear, misery, and fatalism in my childish mind.

These two incidents are the first occasions, so far as I can remember, on which I knew what real unhappiness can be. The first profound happiness which I can remember is connected with my nurse. She was with us for many years and brought us all up. She never laid a hand on us and was hardly ever angry, but she got me to do what she wanted me to do by combining an iron will and infinite patience with a lovable and very simple character. She had much less education than our governesses, and today would be considered illiterate, but she was the first person to interest me in books and in the strange and fascinating workings of the human mind. She was a Somerset woman, born and bred on a farm, a rigid and puritanical Baptist. She read a Baptist newspaper every week from end to end. The only other thing she read was de Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, of which somehow or other she had got hold of a copy. This book entranced her.

Nurse Vicary and 'The Baptist Times'

I find it difficult to believe my memory when it distinctly tells me that Nurse Vicary used to give me a detailed account of what she read in *The Baptist Times* and often read aloud to me de Quincey, and that at the age of four or five I was quite an authority on the politics and polemics of the Baptist sect and often fell asleep rocked, not in a cradle, but on the voluptuous rhythm of de Quincey's interminable sentences, whose baroque ornamentations must have been embellished by nurse's mispronunciations and by her Somerset accent. I had the deepest affection for her and for the opium eater, and she was the first person to teach me the pleasure of fear and thrill over public

events, the horrors and iniquities of the great world of society and politics as recorded in *The Baptist Times* of the year 1885.

I can still feel myself physically enfolded in the warmth and safety of the great nursery on the third floor of the house in Lexham Gardens, the fire blazing behind the tall fire-guard, the kettle singing away on the hob, and nurse, with her straight black hair parted in the centre, and her smooth, oval, peasant face, reading *The Baptist Times* or the visions of the opium eater. Just as the spider-haunted garden remains in my mind as the primary pattern of all the waste lands and desolations in which

I have wandered in after-life, so the nursery, with its great fire, when the curtains were pulled and the gas lit and nurse settled down to her reading, and occasionally far off could be heard the clop-clop of a horse drawing a hansom cab or four-wheeler—the nursery remains for me the Platonic idea, laid up in heaven, of security and peace and civilization. But though in the course of my life I have passed through several desolations of desolation more desolate than the garden with its grimy ivy and its spider-webs, I never again found any safety and civilization to equal that of the gas-lit nursery—*Third Programme*

The Forgotten Province

The first of two talks on Guiana by JAN CAREW

PERCHED on the edge of a ridge of hills is Warrimuri, the place of skulls. But coming up by the Maruka river I saw not the habitations of the dead but of the living: a circle of neatly thatched sheds on high stilts—benabs—built round a gigantic mora cross. It was one of the settlements of the Warau tribe. Around it were small plantations of cassava, of coconuts and coffee, and beyond them tall forests, dense and dark green. I had come by boat from the river mouth and I could not have come any other way. The north-west of Guiana is a place of countless ridges of hills islanded in a sea of pegasse swamp, and the Maruka is a link with the maze of rivers that criss-cross the swamps and bend around the hills. From where I entered the Maruka at its mouth to the wall of forest in front of Warrimuri, this river was a molasses-coloured aisle leading through an endless green cathedral. Only occasionally a spear of sunlight pierced the arched roof and brightened the huge blue wings of morpho butterflies.

When I came off the boat I walked up a path that tunnelled its way at right angles from the river, and the sudden darkness made me grope and stumble. When my eyes adapted themselves to the gloom I noticed a group of Waraus waiting to lead the way to the headman's benab. They merged with the dark so well that for a while I could see only their eyes.

The headman was middle-aged with magnificently muscled shoulders and shrunken legs barely able to support his torso. He was drunk and dreaming his life away most of the time I spent at the settlement. I could smell the sour piwari when he belched in my face as he spoke. There was an Anglican mission nearby, a church and school and a large wooden bungalow for the resident priest; but the priest had gone to the city for a time. There was a wide clearing round the mission, an arc of dazzling white sand which turned golden in the afternoons. Standing under the trees that bordered on this clearing the headman said: 'My people got nowhere to hide no more; they tearing down the roof of the forest and taking the darkness away from us; and we're a people who need a long darkness, too much exposure does make us rot like ripe fruit in the sun'. Suddenly he shambled into the clearing and turned towards the cross. 'But we can't complain', he continued, 'we're all members of the Church of England, but we wear this new thing,

this religion, like a raindrop on oily hair—shake your head and it rolls off. And yet this faith saved us from the Caribs who nearly destroyed us. The missionaries had soldiers and guns to back them up and they kept the Caribs under control, so you see the big cross is a victory totem and it also celebrates our bending the knee to Christ'.

At the foot of the cross were piles of fish and animal bones bleached by sun and rain. Underneath these were the skulls of Warau ancestors. 'We put the skulls there so that they can laugh at the cross', the headman said, and would not explain why this was necessary. He told me this and many other things. One afternoon we stood on a hilltop and he waved at the forests and swamps around us. 'All that lives must wear green', he said, 'and when you peel off the green skin from the land then the sky will close in and the earth will be a coffin for the dead'. These flashes came upon him like lightning, inspiring him, and for hours afterwards they left him blind and benumbed.

There were no young men at Warrimuri, they had all gone to work in the manganese mines at Arakaka some 400 miles away. Work on these mines was only started two years before my visit but already swift and destructive changes were overtaking the Waraus, and it was the same story all over the north-west. The Indians, who had remained on the periphery of the white man's world, were being sucked into the whirlpool of a money economy and the machine age.

Half a day's journey from Warrimuri is Aquero, the largest Indian reservation in Guiana. The Maruka meanders crazily as you leave Warrimuri. The sun dances in the sky as

the boat chugs up river; at times it is directly ahead, then it dodges behind you or shifts to the right or the left.

I first saw Aquero in the late afternoon when tall ité palms looked like silhouettes of innumerable crucifixions. Parrots and toucans were flying low over the swamp, and a harpy eagle—a black speck which expanded and contracted—had taken over the empty sky. The Aquero Indians call themselves Spanish Arawaks; in fact they are a mixture of Spanish, Arawak, Warau, Carib, and Negro, but the dominant cultural and racial influence is that of the Arawaks. Before the manganese mines were opened, Aquero was a reservation inhabited by 8,000 or so lotus eaters. I heard this story while I was there. An old man from the reservation,



'The Indians . . . were being sucked into the whirlpool of a money economy and the machine age': a drawing by Aubrey Williams

waiting for admittance to Heaven, looked through the open gates and saw his countrymen in chains. 'Why are my people in chains?' he asked St. Peter. 'If we don't chain you up here you'll all return to Aquero', Peter said. I can well believe the spirit of this story. I had heard that the Aquero Indians always return to their hills. But when I stepped off the boat at Aquero that evening I had the feeling that the lotus-eating spell was broken. A brooding silence had settled upon the hills and the swamp; there were a few old men and women squatting on the steps of the dispensary in the government compound, the old and the ailing: these were the people I first saw at Aquero.

The Young Men from the Mines—

A boatload of young men from the mines arrived early one Sunday morning. The air was heavy with dew and fragrant with the smell of coffee blossoms, and the sun was slowly burning its way through the curtains of mist which stretched across the swamp. The men stepped out of a big launch on to a landing stage where a priest from the nearby Santa Rosa Mission greeted and blessed them. The priest was an emaciated, toothless young Englishman, a Jesuit burnt dry by the sun and the fires in his heart. When he left, paddling his canoe up-river, there were shouts and laughter and gunfire. I recognized Epiphania Torres, the old woman who cooked for me; she was bent double with the weight of her wareshi while her son stalked ahead of her empty-handed. She was carrying his luggage.

'The boy become a stranger to me', she told me later on that day. 'When he first get the little work in the mines I thought it would be a good thing, he could make some quick money and come back to the land. But every time he go 'way and come back the land going further and further away from he'.

A young Hindu agricultural officer took me down to the benabs behind the government compound where the young men were celebrating their return. We walked along narrow trails past clusters of thorn-bush, hiari, and blacksage which had overrun neglected farmlands. The young Hindu said: 'If they plant more money crops like coffee, coconuts, citrus they can progress without losing everything they once had, then some can go to the mines and others can stay here, these are some of the most fertile lands in this country . . . but it's as though once they break out they have to trample on everything that's theirs, you see they teach them to believe that whatever is theirs is inferior'.

We visited the benab of an axeman named Jojo; he was the most skilful axeman in the north-west. Jojo was loud-mouthed and had a harsh corrosive laugh which bored into my brain. There were about forty men in the benab, some sitting astride hammocks and others squatting on the floor. The older men were drinking piwari, a drink made from the scrapings of toasted cassava bread sealed up in jars and allowed to ferment. The yeast in this drink is very nutritious. The young men were drinking beer or rum; they wanted to show how emancipated they had become. There was a juke-box in the centre of the room and it was never allowed to stop playing. The men sat in a circle of silence. They had crossed and re-crossed not only distances of swamp and rivers and hills but also three or four hundred years in time. I recognized

Epiphania's son and went up and spoke to him. He told me about his job without any prompting.

'It's brute work at Arakaka: I worked on the railway leading to the mines for a year, worked in the repair shop. Them Yankees does make you pay in sweat for every penny they hand you, and in the evening your mouth does taste as though you was eating ashes all day! but I going back, I suffering from the white man's sickness, the sickness that only money can cure'.

A Carib sitting beside him joined in, a record got stuck and someone kicked the juke-box, the song began to hammer against my head once more. The Carib was a man in his twenties with a beaked nose and the alert, patient eyes of a hunter. He came from a settlement near Arakaka where the last of the Caribs lived. 'If they didn't open the mines my people would have died out anyhow, disease and hunger would have carried us off. A missionary brought me up from the time I was three; he took me to the city and sent me to school. When I was seventeen he and his wife wanted to send me to England to study. I left them one night and came back to the bush and took off my clothes, and now I'm back in the clothes again: the white man don't feel happy until he lock you up inside a suit'.

On our way from Jojo's benab I saw small boys shooting arrows and blowgun pellets at a white spot on a purple-heart tree. They were wild, sturdy, independent, in tune with their primeval environment. During adolescence they are allowed complete sexual freedom and they grow up without the problems of civilized youth. I had seen a girl of thirteen well advanced in pregnancy attending the mission school, and she had felt no guilt and met with no reproaches. The boys raced down to the river to swim. They were enjoying their last years of this kind of freedom.

Jojo's juke-box had broken down with fatigue the night before his sons left for the mines. That night when all was quiet I heard again the rain-frogs calling for showers and a piper owl, which the Indians say is the most melodious of singing birds, fluting to the moon. The air was cold and crisp and the laughter of girls strolling up and down the river bank sounded like bells.

—and their Departure

There was something final about the men setting out next morning. My own senses were heightened; I had been attacked by a vampire bat during the night. I felt as though ice had been pumped into my veins to replace the blood I had lost, and yet my mind was afire and I was possessed by a kind of gentle madness. I saw the men standing in a tight, impatient knot on the landing stage while the women stood in a circle apart from them. The Indians like the figure of a circle: perhaps the sun and moon have over centuries burnt their images into their minds. The men were restless but the women stood as still as trees with no wind. Their husbands and lovers had brought exciting gifts but the going away had also brought something frightening into their lives. The dehydrated priest came down from the mission in his canoe and blessed the men, and the launch arrived soon afterwards and took them away. These men and thousands of others in the north-west were passing from barbarism to banality, and of civilization they would get little that was not tawdry and worthless.

—Third Programme

Rural Peace

Full sunshine! It would not be fair
(So fine it is) to have an eye
For anything but joy—to share
The gloom of stark mortality
That overshadowing leaf and flower,
Has yet such beauty in its power.

Ripe berries, burdens to themselves,
And mushroom where the sheep have been—
White tombstones for departed elves
Scattered about the dew-soaked green—
And dragonflies without a hook
For fat trout bellying in the brook!

An old farm labourer speaks to me.
Like kings he's too of Chance the sport,
His face all wrinkled like the sea
Which carries many ships to port;
A battered gauge of Time and Truth,
A clay pipe sticking in his mouth.

Then fragrant night, deep rural peace!
Rustics sweethearting by a stile
Causing the harvest moon to crease
Her countenance with a big smile;
While waves on waves of memory
Of my own youth surge down on me.

And moaning his monotonous creed
From some snug pulpit hear the owl
With all the wisdom of his breed
Telling each self-tormented soul
The troubles of the world are just
Enlargements of one's own distrust.

Some die and only leave behind
For always city, town or street
Or backyard of a sluggish mind
Not this miraculous world whose beat
For good they knew not in gemmed stone
Or honey wild, hid in a bone.

HUW MENAI

Lions and Water Wagtails

BARBARA WOOTTON on applying scientific techniques to social problems*

THAT even the simplest social investigation bristles with difficulties is a commonplace. But few of these difficulties are, I think, insuperable. If they were, I should not be discussing them here, for moaning over insuperable difficulties is only a way of making oneself, and perhaps other people as well, miserable. I see no reason to doubt, and much reason to expect, that in the long run the techniques of patient and accurate observation which have yielded such astonishing results in the physical and biological sciences will have at least comparable success in resolving social human problems. And I think, also, that while we social scientists have made plenty of mistakes, these too are not for the most part inevitable, except in the sense that everybody has to make some mistakes, particularly in the early stages of a difficult job. My only reason for discussing the mistakes of the past is the conviction that we can learn from experience of them to do better in future. So please remember that, if the foreground of this talk sometimes sounds pessimistic, it is set against a background of real optimism.

Casual Definitions

Some of the difficulties that I have in mind affect social investigation in any field; and some are peculiar to particular topics. Prominent amongst the general ones is the lack of agreed and accurate measures. Research in the natural sciences is conducted with the aid of precise tools of observation and measurement: no one could get far in handling physical quantities without the aid of metres and litres and their multiples and fractions. Yet in social research we are still very casual about our definitions and measures. It is common form for every single research worker to make his own definitions afresh for every piece of research, with the result that the same terms are hardly ever used in the same sense in any two investigations. Even in so apparently simple a matter as recording the size of a family there is wide diversity of practice. Some investigators count as members of a family almost everybody who has even been connected with it—father, mother, children, step- or illegitimate children, as well as those who have died in infancy or who have grown up and left home: others include only full blood relations and only those who are actually living together at a given moment. The result is that the same family may be said by one investigator to have twice as many members as are assigned to it by another.

Thanks to this and similar confusions, one piece of research can hardly ever be used to confirm or to correct another. Yet unless different investigators use the same methods of counting they will get different results from exactly the same material; and time and energy over and over again will have to be wasted in trying to make their findings comparable. It is no accident that the best progress has been made in the few branches of social investigation in which precise definitions and measures have become accepted—as in demography, where terms like 'net reproduction rate' have exactly the same meaning to everyone concerned.

Unsuitable Miscellany

In the field in which I have lately been working—the field of investigations into crime and other forms of anti-social behaviour—this lack of precision is still troublesome, and there are even more far-reaching difficulties of somewhat the same kind. One of our commonest and worst mistakes has been, I think, failure to choose a field of inquiry which is sufficiently homogeneous to be both manageable and rewarding. Thus a large body of research has been concerned with the characteristics of criminals or of people in prison. So far as the first of these two categories is concerned, even if we follow the common (but, as I think, improper) practice of including only those found guilty of indictable offences (and so leaving out, amongst others, the great majority of motoring

offenders), we get an extremely miscellaneous collection. It will include homosexuals, frauds, burglars, men guilty of rape or incest, along with people who steal, and steal in an immense variety of circumstances, and youths engaged in gang violence.

Such a miscellany is not a suitable universe of discourse: it is not sufficiently homogeneous to be likely to yield rewarding generalizations. In fact, such generalizations as have been made have a way of falling to pieces as the tools that we use become sharper. It used, for instance, to be widely believed that offenders tend to be below the average in intelligence; but, as more discriminating tests of intelligence have been devised, this distinction has gradually faded away. And what has happened in regard to intelligence has happened in regard to many other qualities as well. Some nine years ago, two American investigators, Messrs. Schuessler and Cressey, reviewed all the inquiries that they could lay hands on into the personality characteristics of criminals; they found that over thirty different tests had been used over a hundred times in the preceding twenty-five years, and the upshot was that no distinctive peculiarities could be established in the criminal population. The personality characteristics of offenders were distributed in much the same way as are the personality characteristics of the general population; so in more senses than one it could truly be said that 'there but for the grace of God go I'.

For my part I hope the time has come when we shall have done with these inquiries into miscellaneous collections of delinquents, prisoners, or offenders. They have not been, and I do not think they ever will be, fruitful—not even if they are confined to particular age and sex categories. After all, a lion does not have much in common with a water wagtail, and no zoologist would propose to make a study of all animals that have tails; yet that would not, I think, be an unfair analogy with many of these studies of 'delinquents'.

Choice of Hypotheses

My next problem relates to the choice of hypotheses. This, too, is particularly tricky in criminological and kindred investigations. In scientific research generally, hypotheses suggest themselves as a result of contemplation of the data; and the same is true in the day-to-day handling of objects such as cars or radio sets which we all know operate in accordance with scientific laws. If, for example, one's car breaks down, one can be very much annoyed, and the annoyance may express itself in verbal or other explosions, even, I am afraid, sometimes in an impulse to hit the offending mechanism. Everyone knows, however, that this release of emotion must be sharply distinguished from action which is likely to be effective in putting right whatever is wrong. Swearing will not get the engine going again. To do that it is necessary carefully to observe the condition of the petrol supply, the ignition system, the plugs and so forth, testing and eliminating on strictly scientific principles possible hypotheses as to the causes of failure.

In relation to social problems, however, most of us have not yet reached the stage at which we can even make these distinctions. If we think at all, we think wishfully; and the choice of hypotheses is likely to be dictated as much by personal prejudices or moral judgments as by exact observation of the relevant data. Such hypotheses are likely to be inappropriate and therefore run a more than average risk of turning out to be faulty. Of course every investigator, in the natural as well as in the social sciences, has a certain predisposition to fall in love with his own hypotheses and to cling to them fondly. No one likes to be proved wrong. But the experience is exceptionally distressing when the beloved hypothesis was chosen for its moral as much as for its intellectual qualities—as is the case, for example, with theories that postulate that delinquency is due to the decay of religious observance, or to mothers going out to work, or to broken homes, or to failure to take advantage of youth clubs. Frankly, it is most

* The first of two talks

improbable that any of these theories would have occurred of themselves to anyone who had had (as I have) the experience of dealing with thousands of delinquents, though some of them might have suggested themselves as possible partial explanations in a small minority of cases. Such theories are put forward by people who *want* them to be true. They are derived from the moral systems of those who propound them, and not from study of the relevant facts. Indeed, it is remarkable how often they are put forward by people who have no first-hand experience whatever of the phenomena which they are supposed to explain.

To revert to my analogy with the broken-down car: it is as though some people had a moral objection to carburettors and therefore always looked first at the carburettor in any breakdown and were particularly anxious to locate the fault there. Until now, however, even the professional social investigator has, in my judgment, been rather too ready to take over these hypotheses, and to spend his time conscientiously and patiently trying to test them against the facts of experience. This is wasteful because they are often wrong; though the process may have a certain value inasmuch as it helps to destroy beliefs for which there is no foundation and so to discourage action which must by definition prove ineffectual. In general, however, such moral judgments are merely an obstruction in the business of finding out what has caused either a mechanical or a social breakdown—though by that I do not wish to minimize their importance in other contexts.

Broken Homes

For these and other similar reasons we have to admit that most of the current generalizations about anti-social behaviour rest upon the shakiest foundations. Recently I had occasion to examine the evidence in support of one of them—the theory that delinquency is caused by broken homes—contained in twenty-one of the best studies that I could find, mostly English or American. Most of these did show that a higher proportion of delinquents than of comparable groups of non-delinquents came from broken homes; but even on this point the findings were not unanimous: there was more than one striking exception. Moreover, several of the most important investigations into recidivism have found that a broken home background is not a distinguishing feature of the *persistent* delinquent. This is the more unexpected because anyone who works in the juvenile courts must be well acquainted with the classic case of the young person who has never known any happy and secure family life, but has been pushed around from one institution to another, and does not give a fig for anybody.

However, when one realizes the pitfalls, these conflicts of evidence are not so surprising. The broken home is an extremely imprecise term. Sooner or later all our homes are broken, and those that are broken when a child is four or five years old are in a very different category from those in which the break comes when he is say, adolescent; and I need hardly add that they are broken in all sorts of ways—by death, desertion or divorce—and with all sorts of results: sometimes a new home is substituted for the old one: sometimes it is not. Sometimes a step-parent takes the place of the one who has been lost; and sometimes this makes things better and sometimes it makes them worse.

Besides, we do not know the frequency with which homes are broken at different stages in family life in the population generally: we do not know what are the relative chances that a child of, say, six or sixteen will be fatherless or motherless or have parents who are divorced. And in the absence of this information one can go very wrong by trying, so to speak, to work backwards from what has happened afterwards. Perhaps I can make the point clear by a parallel example from the incidence of epilepsy which I borrowed from Dr. Richard Asher. If you take a group of epileptics and a group of people who are not afflicted with this disease and look back to their infantile history, you will probably find that a higher proportion of the former suffered from convulsions in infancy. From that backward view you may be tempted to look forward and to predict that infantile convulsions indicate a risk of subsequent epilepsy. They do. But you cannot measure the risk, which is what matters, unless you have some idea of the frequency of the disease in the population as a whole. Actually, since epilepsy is not very common, it appears that far more children have some sort of fits as babies than ever develop epilepsy afterwards. Exactly the same may be true of broken

homes. Far more children from homes broken at a given point of their lives may turn out to be model citizens than are ever classified as 'delinquents'. But the plain truth is that at the moment we are completely unable to say whether this is so or not.

Need for High-powered Assistance

What is wrong with these and similar theories is in short that they are all much too simple. For the fact is that we are only just beginning to appreciate the complexity of the problems which social phenomena present to the scientific investigator. But in some contexts we *are* beginning—which is encouraging. The other day I heard that a shipping firm, wishing to calculate whether it would be more profitable to use the Suez Canal before it had been fully cleared or to send goods round by the Cape, put the question to an electronic computer. Thousands of calculations were necessary and the whole operation was said—if I remember rightly—to have cost something like £2,000; but the firm got an answer which was worth the money and which could not have been got in any other way—at least not without an impossible outlay of time and effort. For my part I do not think that we shall get far in resolving social problems, such as delinquency, unless and until we are prepared to treat them with equal respect and to avail ourselves of similarly high-powered assistance.

Nevertheless, I do not think that the difficulties are insuperable; and some of what we can already do is well worth while. There are two things in particular that I should like to mention here. First, we can classify. It is becoming clear that in anti-social behaviour, as in other fields, situations tend to repeat themselves. One sees the same types of personality and the same types of behaviour over and over again. In the early stages of scientific investigation, classification can play an important part, as has been shown in the biological sciences. By classifying we can break down our problems into manageable bits, small enough and homogeneous enough to be amenable to really fruitful investigation.

The second thing that we can do is to check up on the results of our own actions. Life will not wait upon research, and decisions have constantly to be made in advance of adequate knowledge upon which to base them. But we can constantly check back upon the results of these decisions, and use the experience so gained to do better in future. This in my view is much the most hopeful field of operation for the social sciences as they are at present. For example, magistrates and judges constantly have to make decisions about the treatment of offenders: employers have to make decisions about engaging or promoting members of their staffs. Most of these decisions are made blindly. We do not know which turn out well or badly, or even who is good at them or who is not. But that is where systematic observation has now begun to make a contribution of great potential importance. Already, for instance, we have a number of studies of the after-history of offenders dealt with in various ways—by probation or Borstal training or by confinement in a detention centre—and from these it is already possible to draw cautious inferences as to the conditions in which, and the sort of person for whom, each type of treatment is likely to be successful; and so to foster the hope that justice need not always in all senses be blind.—*Third Programme*

Lazarus

It was the amazing white, it was the way he simply
Refused to answer our questions, it was the cold pale glance
Of death upon him, the smell of death, that truly
Declared his rising to us. It was no chance
Happening, as a man may fill a silence
Between two heart-beats, seem to be dead and then
Astonish us with the closeness of his presence;
This man was dead, I say it again and again.
All of our sweating bodies moved towards him
And our minds moved too, hungry for finished faith.
He would not enter our world at once with words
That we might be tempted to twist or argue with:
Cold like a white root pressed in the bowels of earth
He looked, but also vulnerable—like birth.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Detention Orders and the Conseil d'Etat

(continued from page 420)

as was made in his case could not be upon him, for that would put upon him the impossible positive proof of a general negative. The administration upon its side replied that it was not bound to allege any reason for an act done by it under the emergency powers which it possessed and that the appellant had in no way established a *détournement de pouvoir*. After the close of the pleadings the body at the Conseil d'Etat charged with the preparatory examination of the cause, of its own motion requested the administration to produce all such particulars as were calculated to justify the ground alleged by the administration before the court of first instance as the reason of its action. The Minister in his reply reaffirmed that the ground alleged was the reason of the administration's action but failed to produce the further particulars requested. The Conseil d'Etat in *assemblée plénière*, having given counsel further opportunity of addressing it and having heard the opinion (conclusions) of its independent adviser who is misnamed the Commissaire du Gouvernement, allowed the appeal and quashed the detention order.

The judgment rehearses succinctly the circumstances of the case; recognizes that a detention order of the kind in question can validly be made without cause assigned at the time of its making; repeats its established principle that nevertheless it is the duty of the court to examine and verify any cause actually alleged by the administration as the reason of its action; holds that, in view of the pleadings as much before the court of first instance as before itself, the cause alleged was the participation of the appellant in an illegal Communist organization; and then without reference to any burden of proof categorically concludes that the minister concerned having failed to produce particulars justifying the cause alleged though requested so to do by the Conseil d'Etat itself acting in its judicial capacity, the cause alleged must be taken to be founded upon relevantly inaccurate fact and consequently insufficient to warrant the action taken.

It is instructive to the English lawyer to note that in the French legal system the administrative process may end by the Conseil d'Etat interposing, in a case of sufficient gravity, its own authority and a very absolute authority at that. No doubt it will not so act unless induced so to act by the cogency of the complainant's case; but if so induced it will itself enter into a dialogue with the Minister over, so to speak, the complainant's head. It is no longer the complainant, it is now we, the Conseil d'Etat, in virtue of the responsibility which we bear for the supervision of the acts of the French Administration and in the exercise of the judicial power which is vested in us, who give you notice that this is an act which requires justification before us; and it is we who request you to produce that sufficient justification.

Continuity of Effective Administration

However, not less important than the intransigence which it may finally show, and indeed probably a condition of its ability to show effectively that final intransigence, is the great consideration of the real needs of the administration which the Conseil d'Etat also shows; and of these needs, as a body highly experienced in administration, it has an extremely expert understanding. The Conseil d'Etat is not a subversive body anxious to embarrass the administration. Quite the contrary: the need to secure a continuity of effective administration may well be the first principle of its case law. Especially in a situation of emergency as grave as that in Algeria it will not seek to disable the administration. It will allow it to exercise extremely wide powers without cause assigned at the time of their exercise. It will allow it, in the kind of circumstances we are now considering, to justify its action by an allegation of fact, at least if sufficiently precise, without putting it to the proof of that fact but casting upon the complainant the burden of its disproof. Again, in these same circumstances, it will allow the administration a large latitude in its appraisal of what may be relevant fact—the formula occasionally used by the Conseil d'Etat is that the fact alleged by the adminis-

tration is not necessarily wholly outside the possible range of relevance.

For example, in the Grange case itself, the Commissaire du Gouvernement indicated that if the administration had justified the detention order upon the ground (which was admitted by Grange) of Grange's previous association with the Communist Party, even though at that time the party was a lawful organization, the Conseil d'Etat would no doubt have accepted that justification, however reluctantly. But even in the stress of the greatest emergency the Conseil d'Etat will finally intervene to secure that the French administration act not only honestly but within some limit of rationality and in particular will not tolerate the offer to justify an action by reference either to a fact which has been shown to be false or to a supposed fact of which not only no evidence is adduced but of which there is not even a precise allegation.

Constancy and Efficiency

It is the maintenance by the Conseil d'Etat of a peculiar balance between this consideration and that intransigence which in the French system has secured a rule of law of great merit in the administrative field, a field which the English system finds specially intractable and which daily assumes a greater importance. The English court is not an instrument devised to secure such a balance, and its process, however excellent in itself, is inappropriate to this purpose. It is here sufficient simply to note these facts. But it would also be appropriate to note that the French achievement is due to the constancy and to the efficiency with which the Conseil d'Etat has adhered to its purpose of doing justice, to its purpose, if I may use the words of M. Chardeau, of conciliating the necessities of the public order with the respect due to individual rights. And surely it is remarkable that it should have maintained this constancy in the difficulty of the Vichy régime and the Occupation and in the convulsions of the Liberation as well as now in the, alas, extreme stress of the Algerian troubles.—*Third Programme*

God Pity Eagles

God pity eagles
Close up to the sky
That fall;
The house-bred sparrow
Seems in no peril at all.
What I had thought to see
Was the wild boy's home-made wings
Draggled and broken,
That is the way of things;
A ditch-full of disaster,
A black mark on the grass,
A crooked tree;
In memoriam,
Where is the stone?
Say in memoriam,
Where has he gone?
God pity eagles
When they do not die
But fall;
Like the wild boy daring
Death on home-made wings
Unhurt, to lose the use of living,
That is the way of things;
Little sparrow
You need no help at all.

IRIS ORTON

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

September 9—15

Wednesday, September 9

The Trades Union Congress endorses the Labour Party's policy on nuclear weapons

Mr. Chou En-lai, the Chinese Prime Minister, in a letter to Mr. Nehru, says that the recent clashes on the Sino-Indian border were caused by Indians trespassing on Chinese territory

American transport aircraft land in Laos with emergency equipment for the Laotian army

The first American space capsule, launched from Cape Canaveral, is recovered from the Atlantic

Thursday, September 10

Mr. Nehru says Mr. Chou En-lai's letter about the question of the Sino-Indian border has 'added to the gravity of the situation'

For the first time for over six years the United States Congress passes a bill (to provide about £400,000,000 for public works throughout the United States) against President Eisenhower's veto

Friday, September 11

Conservative Party manifesto published under the title *The Next Five Years*

The T.U.C. calls on all trade unionists to work for the return of a Labour Government

Mr. Krishna Menon, the Indian Defence Minister, arrives in London on his way to the U.N. General Assembly

Saturday, September 12

News of the launching of the Soviet rocket to the moon is given in Moscow

General Grivas invites Archbishop Makarios to talks about Cyprus

Dr. Hastings Banda, President of the Nyasaland African National Congress, is to be detained for at least another six months

Sunday, September 13

Britain beats Finland in an athletics match at Helsinki

The Italian Grand Prix for motor racing is won by Stirling Moss driving a Cooper-Climax

Monday, September 14

Moscow announces the landing of a Russian space rocket on the surface of the moon

General Grivas says that he will not meet Archbishop Makarios until documents referring to a plot to overthrow the Archbishop are made public

Tuesday, September 15

Mr. Khrushchev arrives in the United States and is met by President Eisenhower

United States rejects Russian proposal for an international conference to discuss the situation in Laos



Russian scientists announced that a Soviet space rocket had hit the surface of the moon on September 14 (Moscow time). A radio photograph shows Moscow factory workers listening to a broadcast of signals following the launching of the rocket on September 12. Professor Topchiev, Deputy Chairman of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, explained on September 14 that pennants bearing the emblem of the Soviet Union had been planted on the Moon, but that no territorial claims were being made by Russia



H.M.S. Ro
This is one
sp

Members of the Royal Family attended the Highland Games at Braemar last week. The Queen Mother is seen talking to a girl who was presented to her in the Royal Pavilion. On the right are Prince Charles and Princess Anne in Scottish costume. Right: the Highland Reel being danced during the Games



Preparing for the General Election to be held on October 8: *Left:* Mr. Harold Macmillan with Lord Hailsham, Chairman of the Conservative Party, on his right, addressing a press conference in London on September 11 to introduce the party's election manifesto. *Right:* Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the Labour Party, speaking to the Trades Union Congress in Blackpool on September 10 after his return from a visit to Russia



A group of roses exhibited in the amateur section of the National Rose Society's autumn show in London

of the Porpoise class, undergoing trials in Loch Long, Scotland. Submarines, constructed since the war, which are capable of a high speed and a continuous submerged patrol in any part of the world



'Mares and Foals in a Landscape', by George Stubbs, which has recently been acquired by the Tate Gallery



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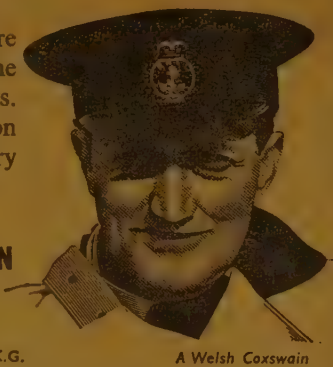
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Poetry as an Instrument of Research

By I. A. RICHARDS

POETRY may seem to have got into bad company in my title: 'Poetry as an Instrument of Research'.

Instrument: bad enough! A horrid array of forceps, scalpels, stethoscopes, electrocardiographs, and psychogalvanometers is conjured up. But *research*—worse still, whether you pronounce it re-search or resürch! That intellectual treadmill, offered us as the next step—step, step; step, step, step, *step it up there!*—for poetry! What has poor poetry done to suggest such a sentence?

A New Function

Far be it from me to conduct any such inquiry. On the contrary, it is what poetry has been showing signs of doing that makes me try now to sketch a suitably new (though equally an ancient and indeed original) role—role, aim, ambition, function, fate—for poetry.

Take another look at these words: *instrument* and *research*. The most decisive instruments we use are words: words with their meanings, of course. A word without its meanings is but a noise, or a mark on paper; with its meanings a word is as much an instrument as, say, a camera. Somebody takes a photograph of you. What his camera gets is not, of course, you. It is only something which may make you say: 'Good Lord! Is *that* what I look like!'

So it is with our words. And, as we do not think very much, perhaps, of any photograph of ourselves—so we should not take too seriously any picture of things, of other people or of ourselves, indeed, that words may seem to be presenting. (No, not even this snapshot of poetry which I am trying to offer you now.) On the other hand, consider how little there is—without words and their meanings—that we can form or keep any clear ideas of at all.

So much for poetry as an instrument. It is a use of words, a way of putting them together to give us—what? I am bringing up that obnoxious, that all-but abusive word *research*, here, as a useful pointer; to *research*, the dictionary says, is 'diligently to examine, to search again, to regard anew'. To regard what? Whatever may seem worth while.

Talking like this does not bring anything presently, wholly and livingly within our awareness—to be examined, enjoyed, realized, appraised, undergone: whichever it may be among the varied invitations of poetry. It is another use of words which can do all that. All that is for poetry: not for such prose as this. What such prose as this may attempt is to discuss (what a word!) what poetry today can do which it could not, perhaps, do a few decades ago.

Consider what fantastic and, until recently, unthinkable enlargements of human powers we are being faced with daily. Need I list them? Everyone thinks of only too many of them without prompting. But may I add to speed and population records, anaesthetics, television, and

the guided-missile, a few developments whose benefits and whose attendant perils are not so immediately obvious.

I will pick four among many that would be possible: four enlargements of human possibilities which should, I suppose, matter more than space travel to poetry and its public. I say 'matter more' because they concern every man's attitudes to anything. Space-ships and their passengers' adventures are, I have found, relatively cramping. My four recent expansions of possibility are in logic, in methodology, in linguistics, and in pedagogy. Not a promising list, you may think. Let me try thumb-nail sketches of what I have in mind.

In logic, the last thirty years or so have shown that the kind of rigour in proof—the self-contained perfection—that traditional logicians have taken as the very aim of their study is not obtainable. This does not make logic any less useful in criticizing bad arguments; but it does remove some of the logical limits to possibility. It does not make ordered thought or discourse any less orderly; but it does show that the order which logic studies cannot have the completeness or the independence that was supposed. In a way it restores logic to the condition of a tool, rather than a completely autonomous master study.

Complementarity

In methodology I am thinking of the disengagements of choice that Niels Bohr's *Principle of Complementarity in Physics* is about. If you have two or more different experimental set-ups, the physical properties of the instruments you are using limit the kind of answer you can get. So one experimental set-up will answer in terms of waves and another in terms of particles. These two sets of answers, instead of being mutually frustrating, contradictory, and all that, can be complementary. They can together give powers of prediction and control that neither could alone. That is *complementarity*. The two sets of answers complement each other, instead of frustrating each other.

Bohr himself, Oppenheimer, and others have tried various extensions of this principle. It is not yet clear how far some of these are metaphor or capable of systematic routine application. Here, however, is an inviting line: a set of concepts, assumptions, ideas—like an experimental set-up—limits what it enables us to think of and the answers we can get with it through thinking. Two or more such sets—two philosophies—may give us very different results. These results may seemingly be only frustrating, contradictory and all that; they may in fact be complementary. For example, are behaviouristic psychology and the traditional psychology which uses a psyche (or soul) and its faculties not, simply, one wrong and the other right; or, more simply still, both wrong, but complementary? Both, if so, would be right, each in its own way. They would be able jointly to give us better powers than either could alone: better powers of controlling our-

selves—and our spouses, say, or our statesmen.

Clearly such extensions need critical use or they could lead to chaos. Nevertheless they can be liberating. In linguistics the enlargement is of a different sort with more bearing on the theory of poetry. It has come about through considering that any language is a system of words, phrases, patterns, that can—for given purposes—replace one another. In a given sentence, one can, for example, use any one of a choice of words. (In place of 'for example' I might have said here, 'for instance' or 'to give an illustration'.) As one changes a word the sentence changes in meaning more or less. Each of the words used could itself be replaced, in its turn, in other sentences with yet other words—again with more or less change of meaning: and so on indefinitely. The startling step is to equate this systematic substitutability with meaning.

Do not here conclude that this must be nonsense or worse, because this is not what the word 'meaning' means, or what meaning is. This may not be using the word 'meaning' in any of the ways in which you think you use it. But bear in mind the principle of complementarity. This way of using the word *meaning* may be a useful complement to other ways of using it. In fact, it is: it is a very useful and indeed indispensable application of the word *meaning*. Whenever we consult a dictionary, what it gives us are substitutes: words, phrases, explanation, substitutable (with differences) for the word we have looked up. What we find, as its meaning, is other words with which we might replace it. Look them up and we find other words still, and so on and so on. . . .

Words get a large part of the peculiar charges or flavours they carry from these networks of partial agreement, partial synonymy, connecting any word with others in these ramifying, flexible ways. We often feel of a word well used that no other word could possibly replace it; and in fact no other word is linked into just that partial synonymy net.

Mutual Control of the Poem's Parts

Add to this its rhyme-field, the other words which sound more or less like it, and, of course, its peculiar dealings, through these various sorts of linkage, with other words around it, through their linkages, and we have the beginnings at least of an account of the mutual control which all the parts of a poem may have upon one another. What keeps every word in a good poem to its duty, what makes it do what is required of it, is the rest of the poem. The words in that order govern and explain one another.

All this may look more like a regimentation for poetry than a liberation. But no. Poetry, so conceived (and this way of conceiving it need not conflict with some other ways: recall the complementarity principle again), can release a poet into larger freedoms. Instead of having to express himself, say, he finds himself serving a possibility of the language—as that has been, is, and shall be used by discriminating people.

I have just sniffed somewhat at 'self-expression' as a poetic aim: but there can be excellent self-expression doctrines of poetry as well as very bad ones.

For this intra-linguistic translation view of meaning—the view that the meanings of words are controlled through the other words which can replace them—a poem becomes a representative of the language, showing what the language can do with a situation and using the poet for this purpose. Thus the poem becomes an independent sort of a creature. This is something a poem ought to be able to say better than prose can. So here is a poem trying to do so. It comes from my *Goodbye Earth* and is called 'Retort'. What it is a retort to is the poem which precedes it there, a poem in which the mind has complained of being possessed.

A poem's not on a page
Or in a reader's eye;
Nor in a poet's mind
Its freedom may engage.
For I, a poem, I
Myself alone can find
Myself alone could bind.

I, though I take from you
All, all I have to sing,
Am all an empty ought
Spinning itself its clew.
Burning up what you bring
To search out what you sought,
I work on out from naught.

Eyeless, a source of seeing,
Careless, a fount of care,
An unrecorded vow
Is all my core of being.
Yet, neither here nor there
And with no then but now,
Your life I disallow.

I sing, who nevertheless
No accents have or breath.
I neither live nor die.
But you whom I possess . . .
You, you know life and death
And thoroughly know; so I
What void I fill thereby.

Thence to pedagogy: most repugnant and unlikely field from which to look for new, unthought of enlargements of the spirit. Strange— isn't it?—that we are prone to think so, seeing what enlargements all who hear these words have already undergone through teaching! None of us would be expressing any views at all without it.

Finding an Order

My point here, however, can be put briefly. Whatever successes teaching as yet achieves are slight in comparison with those which become possible as the question 'What should come before what?' is really explored, systematically and closely. There is an order, a system of steps, to be found in every study by which the learner's mistakes can be cut down to the fewest and his powers accordingly encouraged to their height. The thing is to avoid confusing and stultifying him as the sequences currently employed cannot avoid doing. The finding of this most propitious order is important above all in the elementary stages on which later progress depends. The most advantageous sequence has been, on the whole, probably found for mathematics; we begin to have something like it for second languages and for the teaching of reading. A similar order can be found for other subjects

as soon as we wake up to what is needed and to what we might gain from it.

One gain to the poet would be this: a greatly enlarged and enlightened audience able to read, take in, and enjoy poetry. Another might be a better preparation for writing poetry. For, if we ask 'What sort of an order is propitious?' the best answer can be given in the words of an old description of a good poem: 'One in which what comes first prepares best for what follows, and what follows confirms and completes what has gone before'.

After these thumb-nail sketch-maps of vanishing frontiers, what could, might, should be the upshot for poetry? There could be countless upshots, of course; the overall outcome could be an immense release. Before I spell out one or two, let me spike a misapprehension. I am not saying that poets must get up this logical, methodological, linguistic, and pedagogic stuff and write about it. They may if they will, but there is no must about it. There are no musts of that sort for poetry. To quote Coleridge: 'Let us not pass an Act of Uniformity against poets'. I would add: 'Or against poems either'.

No: but I will opine that the most deeply influential and vivifying poetry is likely to be as responsive to these intellectual releases as the best poetry of Blake, Coleridge, and Shelley was to the intellectual breezes of their day.

Responsibility and Audacity

How would such responsiveness appear? What might it be like? My guess—in a matter which, above all others, can only be shown by the fact—is that a sober balance of responsibility and audacity might be a mark. More freedom and more power: both daunting, unless we can rise to them. All these enlargements I have been describing have appalling risks attached; freedom and power always have.

'Responsibility and audacity'—not a bad substitute phrasing for, not a bad intra-linguistic translation of, 'prophetic inspiration': as in Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Blake, or Shelley at their best. Do not be put off by mention of Shelley here. Have you re-read him—with eyes which really looked into what, at his best, he was about?

As for form: I would expect—somewhat apprehensively, being familiar with the way in which true prophets always surprise—a kind of quiet and smooth, highly organized, highly economic, highly elegant (in the mathematicians' sense) spare, subtle, and feline poetry. It need not be about the condition of the world or coming events—unless timelessly necessary reconstitutions in ourselves can best be symbolized so: in terms of deprivation and renewal. The perennial encounters of the accidental and the essential lend themselves to that sort of dramatic handling.

I am inclined to predict that, as regards rhyme, metre and stanza form, these prophets will be intricate, their poems difficult—to write, but not necessarily to read. Studies that linguistics and criticism are beginning already show how much our words depend for their powers on other words which normally do not come into clear consciousness—other words which may sound like them or which could follow them. I am not here discussing depth-psychology or psychoanalysis—whose influence on poetry may not continue. I am talking of the control—over every word we ever say—of other words we might

have said: the penumbral awareness of our choices. We are underestimating, all the time, the complexity of the choices behind even our simplest remarks. The poet is, among other things, the adept in such choosing. Rhyme and metre are the invaluable, traditional means (which can still be much developed) of imposing a more exacting search upon the working poet, a search into the possibilities of the language for the situation with which the poem grappling. Robert Frost much enjoyed telling Carl Sandburg once that, as to free verse, he personally preferred to play tennis with a net. Coming poets, I fancy, may play on smaller courts.

Need for Abler Readers

Such poetry, I think, will not be easy. It will invite and reward study. There will be plenty of popular poetry—current song hits—which do not invite and do not reward study. The kinds of poetry I am discussing will, consciously or unconsciously, be concerned with making new sorts of people: remaking, renewing the poet himself and his public. That is not often done in a flash. Most poems which could do it require repeated intimacy with them. Relatively few readers at present are capable of this. That is why a prospect of many more and far more able readers may matter much to future poets.

Wordsworth, in his essay supplementary to the preface of the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1815, quotes a good remark on this as 'made to me long ago by the philosophical Friend' (that is, Coleridge) whose poetic genius he had, one might say, manslaughtered. Here it is: 'Every author, as far as he is great and at the same time original, has the task of creating the taste by which he is to be enjoyed'. The thought was Coleridge's, no doubt; but it was Wordsworth's vanity which made him apply it so confidently to himself. Coleridge, apart from his rather morbid idolatry of Wordsworth, would, I think, have preferred to widen his remark. 'All poetry', he might have said, 'in so far as it is unfamiliar, has to initiate its readers into the means by which its end is to be discerned and pursued'.

After all, what Poetry has done for people in the past, and could do again, is worth the trouble. 'Homer was the educator of Greece', as Plato said: he was a most unpropitious educator, Plato thought, and we can in some ways agree with that. For better or worse, 'Poets are the legislators of mankind'—as Shelley told his friend Peacock, who had pretended to doubt whether we really need any more poets.

We do need more poets and better poetry, if poetry is our means, our instrument, for regarding anew the changing world and our changing selves: seeing thereby what we have to be and do.—*Third Programme*

The B.B.C. has won three of the seven awards in this year's international Italia Prize Contest. The Radiotelevisione Italiana Prize for literary or dramatic works has been awarded to Samuel Beckett's most recent radio work, *Embers*, produced in the Third Programme by Donald McWhinnie. The Italia Prize for television documentary has been split into two categories—film and tele-recording. Both of these have been won by the B.B.C., with, respectively, *Morning in the Streets*, directed by Denis Mitchell and Roy Harris, and *Medico*, by Robert Barr, produced by David E. Rose.

A secret letter to Mrs. X

My Dear Lydia,

Perhaps this is the most difficult letter I have ever had to write. (Generally I can ask my wife to help . . .)

To come face to face with you again after—how long? . . . To see you looking so confoundedly serene, after spending nearly half your life with the wrong man . . . What right have you to look serene?—no, sedate, that's the word! Answer me. And what right had you to try to park that little transparent car of yours right under my nose, just as I was standing by the Rose and Crown dreaming of nothing in particular. You always were a careless girl.

Ah, well. Ah.

Of course, Lyddy (this is rather a subtle letter—you notice we're getting somehow closer to each other?), of course, I'm not jealous of George or Bernard or whatever he's called in any boring, everyday sense. So he gives you enough to eat? Well, let's not be petty . . . But some of the things you said after your second iced tonic water were pretty revealing, I thought. (I have kept both bottle-tops . . . I shall always keep them.)

"Happy . . . somehow almost too happy. Too settled maybe . . . not enough to sharpen my mind on." Oh yes. Your own words. Though one's heard it before.

It shocks me to think of *you* married to this hulking, healthy, conventional autocrat—don't interrupt—who does nothing but feed and clothe you, etc. Six children, you said? Great heavens. I keep thinking about you. I feel it is so important, now, that we should keep touch . . . on the higher plane that we share . . . Don't you feel that too?

I've found us a way! No argument. I've been round to my newsagent's shop and ordered you *The Observer*, (remember? . . .) every Sunday for a year. Most cleverly—in your name, prepaid—and it starts next Sunday. You don't know the shop, so you can't stop it. You never would take me seriously. Well, now you've got to, aha.

For this is as neat a plot as ever I plotted. Point 1: You won't be able to resist the bait—the whole paper's just too interesting. Point 2: I *know* somebody on the *Observer*, and I shall bribe him to slip in code messages which only you can understand . . . (no, it's not William Clark). Point 3: If he proves unbribable, which is remotely possible, I shall use the Personal Column *this very next Sunday as ever is*. So life will be full of meaning and your eyes will dance again. And who will know why? Me.

I won't sign myself James or anything, but just

THE OBSERVER

with love, then nobody can tell who I am. (Not a word to George, mind. I've said nothing to Polly.)



This is No. 1 in an enthralling human drama, "The Observer and Mrs. X". Next Week, DOES GREGORY KNOW?

Forgotten Galleries—VI: Swansea

By QUENTIN BELL

THIS series of articles is, in principle, concerned with our municipal galleries, of which Swansea is one, but to reach Swansea the majority of travellers must pass through Cardiff, and if you pass through Cardiff it is folly not to stop and enter the National Museum of Wales, for here, in addition to some important old masters, including a fine El Greco, a still finer Canaletto and, as is only fitting, an outstandingly good Wilson, there is a room devoted to French painting of the past hundred years and, more especially, to the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists. This contains some really tremendous things: two gloriously beautiful Cézannes, four exceptionally good Monets, a big Renoir, a fine Van Gogh and much else besides, all of which Cardiff owes to the taste, wisdom, and generosity of the Misses Davies, and I hope that Cardiff is properly grateful.

No one will expect to find such extravagantly precious things at Swansea. Nevertheless, if the visitor will travel a little further westwards, he will be rewarded for his pains. The Glyn Vivian Art Gallery is, very properly, a repository of native art, and during the past fifty years Wales has shown that she can produce some very remarkable painters; but the gallery also serves to introduce the inhabitants of Swansea to the products of foreign genius and I would like to begin by mentioning two of these which struck me particularly: a 'Marriage at Cana' by Stanley Spencer and a 'Susannah and the Elders' attributed to Guido Reni but which, I am told, is by Simone Cantarini.

The 'Susannah' is a perfect specimen of academic art in the true sense of the word. It is a painting of high decorum, it is chaste, regular, noble, and restrained. The figures in the composition are seen at three-quarter length, with Susannah imprisoned and half-embraced by her suitors, but there is no violence in this embrace; it assists the carefully harmonious unity of the composition, as does the subfusc colour scheme of green, violet, grey, and venetian red; there is no suggestion of passion, lust, or frenzied entreaty. The protagonist of virtue, together with her assailants, are held in a timeless vacuum from which the common air of the century has been expressed. They are, all of them, exceedingly well bred, even though the drama which they enact demands that they should stand upon the very frontiers of misbehaviour.

Why is it that, although the painter has 'gone out of his way to bore us to tears, he fails to do so? Perhaps it is that the achievement of moderation in itself provides a fine aesthetic objective; and restraint, if the artist really has something to restrain, can be quite as valuable a quality as licentious enthusiasm.



'Marriage at Cana', by Stanley Spencer: in the Glyn Vivian Art Gallery, Swansea

If now we turn to the Stanley Spencer we find a deliberate negation of all the canons of academic art. The scene of the first miracle has been reduced to high tea at Cookham; the principal actor is not visible and, when he arrives, his miracle will have to consist, if wine there be, in the provision of a second bottle of empire port. The bride and bridegroom turn their backs to the public; their movements are indescribably ungraceful. The bridegroom, wearing that inimitable Stanley Spencer gent's suiting, has begun to seat himself, recollected his manners and pulls away a chair, awkwardly half crouching as he does so, for his bride. Impeded by her veil and her finery she too crouches in an ungainly attempt to find a resting place for

her tightly swathed backside. Before then stretching away to the top of the picture, there is a table and a few hurrying figures make last minute preparations for the homely feast.

These pictures represent two social conceptions of painting which are fundamentally opposed. But if, as I believe, there is a certain affinity between this wilfully plebeian rendering of a subject which lends itself to ceremonial dignity, and the Italian's aristocratic translation of a theme which is essentially coarse, it lies, I think, in the fact that Stanley Spencer, for all his Flemish familiarity, is at heart an Italianising painter; there is much in his work that is reminiscent of Sassetta, and his lumpy rustics are as carefully designed, as consciously posed, as any idealized *seicento* creature.

Mark Gertler's portrait of his mother, for all its Cézannesque solidity, looks unstudied when compared with these two. It is a fine painting; so is Duncan Grant's view in Venice; one of his most satisfactory evocations of warmth and sunlight. Ginette Rapp's painting of the beach at Audierne, a cold desolate beach on which five blackened hulks huddle together as though seeking companionship against the bitterly unfriendly elements that pervade Mlle Rapp's pictures, makes a nice foil to this warm and kindly townscape.

Patriotism may have accounted for the inclusion of some of the other pictures in this gallery; but there is a great deal that could be justified on other grounds. There are, of course, several works by Augustus John and several of Morland Lewis's strongly constructed, beautifully coloured, landscapes. David Jones is not, I think, very happily represented by a portrait in water colours. Even Walters, of whose works there is a large collection, may be seen at his worst in an over-dramatized self-portrait and at his best in a painting of a Welsh miner which is sincere, sensitive, and strong.

Elsewhere in the Gallery the visitor will find some admirable drawings by Wilson and by Gainsborough and a good collection of Swansea porcelain—which I, personally, do not like—and of Swansea cream ware, which is admirable. In short there is at Swansea a small gallery containing much more than I have space to mention and run, I should imagine, on a shoe string. It is something of which the Principality may well be proud. It owes much to the zeal and sensitive intelligence of the late Mr. David Bell.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Secondary Schools

Sir,—Mr. John Sharp (THE LISTENER, September 10), after pleading for a better understanding of science, proceeds to show some lack of understanding of mathematics: in fact, it almost seems that he equates mathematics with calculation. The essence of mathematics is the study of chains of logical relationships, and arithmetic, where the emphasis is far more on the answer than the method, is a rather untypical branch of mathematics (though one not to be despised, even in the strange aircraft firm where addition and subtraction appear to be unused).

The study of logical relationships is very good training for appreciating the relative importance of various factors—the very need which Mr. Sharp recognizes: unfortunately each revision of the mathematical syllabus tends to weaken the emphasis on proof and favour the learning of results. If our educationists can reverse this trend they will do us great service, but they are unlikely to do so if they are unaware of what mathematics is about.

Yours, etc.,

Swansea

H. J. GODWIN

Sir,—Mr. Sharp says that the content of education is made up of the cultural, the practical, and mumbo-jumbo, the last of which he wants to eliminate. So do we all; but one man's mumbo-jumbo tends to be another's culture, and although Mr. Sharp's talk contains a brief acknowledgment of the importance of the arts, I suspect that the reforms he advocates would, if actually put into effect, prove to be yet one more blueprint for the purely and rigidly utilitarian education that threatens to destroy all those ideas and ideals we have come to look on as 'liberal'.

Mr. Sharp's attitude to mathematics confirms my fears. By a coincidence the number of THE LISTENER in which his talk is printed contains also Mr. Bell's letter pleading for the understanding of science rather than the accumulation of facts, and the third talk on the nature of the universe which must have convinced any reader that understanding physical science implies a mathematical approach. It is for its value in leading to this understanding rather than for its computational skills—which, as Mr. Sharp rightly says, are rarely needed in practice—that the teaching of mathematics should be encouraged. And if this means a radical revision of the mathematics syllabus, with more time devoted to the basic ideas, less to examination problems, and much less to trivia about papering walls or calculating electric light bills, so much the better.

Yours, etc.,

Enfield

H. E. THOMAS

What is Democracy?

Sir,—Judging from his letter to you, Mr. Kinloch appears to be suffering from the delusion that the Soviet Communist Party is an 'expert advisory' and not a governing body,

and that it does not control the army, the police, or the process of election 'under the new constitution'. What new constitution? The one now in force dates from 1936 and has not been significantly amended. Commenting upon the Party's role under this constitution, the Soviet lawyer Professor Denisov wrote the following:

Party leadership is the basis of the fruitful activity of each state and social organization and of all these organizations taken together. They all take instructions from the Party, which has its members in the state and social organizations of the masses, forming the directing nucleus and ensuring that the given state or social organization carries out the decisions of the Communist Party. . . . In general, the whole Soviet system and constitution rests upon the directing role of the Party. . . . Not a single important decision is taken by the state organs of our country without previous instructions and advice from the Party.

There have been many changes in the U.S.S.R. since Stalin's death, but the dominance of the Communist Party remains, and indeed has recently been strongly reasserted, and particularly so in relation to the army and police. To say this is not to indulge in anti-Soviet propaganda. The dominant role of the Communist Party is a fact. Whether it is a good or a bad thing is a matter of opinion.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

A. NOVE

Sir,—Mr. Maurice Cranston's talk, 'What is Democracy?' (THE LISTENER, September 3), is one of the best I have heard on political idealism. True, Mr. Cranston admits that 'no democratic system in the world today is altogether pure'. But apparently in his view this is due to the absence of equality. What the speaker does not admit is that, given liberty, equality, fraternity, there still would be no pure democracy in his sense of the word.

This is due to Mr. Cranston's over-emphasis on debate—'the dialogue'. Whatever abstraction obtains, in practice there will be political organization, which inevitably leads to some sort of party system. In any party system much of the 'dialogue' is bound to be a farce, as the parties to the 'dialogue' are not disinterested. This is true in as well as out of parliament. Besides being a way of life, democracy is a form of government; and the effective function of government is to decide and act on its decisions. In a democratic society, any prudent government, mindful of its own existence, will try to give effect, as far as practicable, to the will of the majority for the time being—or, at any rate, what it believes to be their will. If the purpose of the 'dialogue' were not to ascertain and perhaps influence the will of the majority, it would be merely an exercise in futility, with which democracy could well dispense.

If Mr. Cranston accepted democracy as the representative political rule of the majority for the time being and relegated the 'method of dialogue' to its proper place as a social phenomenon and political instrument of democracy

for determining and influencing the will of the majority for the time being, his talk might have had more value (his second talk is certainly a valuable contribution), as it would have at least posed some organic problems of democracy.

It is well known, for instance, that in recent years both science and art have made great strides in quest of accuracy. In science the search takes the form of observation and experiment; in art it is demonstrated in the move from Romanticism to Realism. Yet the democratic method of representation remains substantially as crude as it was in the democracies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Even in Britain today it is mathematically possible for a party with a slender majority of voters in a slender majority of constituencies to form the government though it has polled only 36 per cent. of the total votes and the opposition party has polled 64 per cent. with an overwhelming majority in a slight minority of constituencies. Let us hope that in some future talk some speaker will direct his faculty more to suggesting refinements and less to extolling the hackneyed virtues of democracy.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.4

FEDERICO CLARK

'Poetry and Morality'

Sir,—It is possible that when Mr. Burns Singer, reviewing Vincent Buckley's *Poetry and Morality* (THE LISTENER, September 10), writes as follows he means, in the closing statement, to convey merely that I have expressed a high opinion of the given poem:

[Mr. Buckley] is able to write: 'I do not myself think Hardy a great poet' in his discussion of Leavis's remarks on 'After a Journey', though Leavis's attitude is one of near adoration.

It is true that I think very highly of that poem, and have said so, giving as persuasively as I could the grounds for a critical opinion I still hold. Nevertheless I feel bound to point out that the effect of the sentence is very much to misrepresent my far from 'adoring' attitude towards Hardy. I have always thought that the accepted estimate of him—I first came up against it as the advanced orthodoxy of the nineteen-twenties, when Hardy's status as one of the very great was established (or strongly reinforced)—is immensely and absurdly too high. I have made a point of questioning it whether it regards the poet or the novelist.

How small a proportion [of his abundant output is major poetry] does not seem to be generally recognized: his rank as a major poet rests upon a dozen poems. These are lost among a vast bulk of verse interesting only by its oddity and idiosyncrasy, and as illustrating the habits that somehow become strength in his great poetry.

This comes from a book on modern poetry I wrote thirty years ago, and nothing I have ever written or said about Hardy runs counter to it. My critical references to his novels have been judged harsh and irreverent.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

F. R. LEAVIS

Steady-state Theory of the Universe

Sir,—I have just read 'The Steady-state Theory of the Universe' by Professor Hermann Bondi (THE LISTENER, September 3) and am astonished to find no mention of Willem de Sitter, the great Dutch astronomer who inferred the expansion of the universe and all that it implies. While his theory in one respect was imperfect—it seemed to require an empty world—it only needed a slight modification to make it give a correct picture of the cosmos as we know it.

De Sitter inferred that the cosmos was expanding and that the spiral nebulae were flying away from us, with velocities about proportional to their distances. Moreover his theory is a natural expansion of Einstein's gravitational theory. If we accept this latter, I think we cannot evade de Sitter's theory, which was published in 1917 (*Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, LXXVIII, page 10).

Finally, I suggest the 'creation of matter' theory is too absurd to be entertained for a moment.

Yours, etc.,

Hereford

WILLIAM WILSON

The Renaissance of Hell

Sir,—Miss Ingham, whose talk was printed in THE LISTENER on September 3, has seized on an excellent thesis-subject in her discussion of certain aspects of the Orphic myth in contemporary drama: those relating to Hells existing here and now in a claustrophobically domestic setting, where a relentlessly persistent dialogue adumbrates trivialities, whilom Death towers over Love.

But poor Wyndham Lewis! How many readers will recall his *The Enemy of the Stars* (Blast, No. 1, 1914) in which the scene is laid, not only for most of his own later creative writing, but apparently for so much of other people's? Outside his limited public, very few, I suppose, have even heard of it. Yet—in this drama we find Arghol and Hanp (Self and Not-Self, as Wyndham Lewis called them) bound to live together in mutual detestation.

Arghol, as the suffering genius of humanity, concludes that no man can be tempted beyond his capacity; so that, in spite of Hanp's incessant bullying, his life is somehow important: Hanp will never, in fact, finally kill him. Each finds in the other the most debased portion of himself. In a dream, after defeating Hanp in fight (and, by inference, that part of himself he could best do without), Arghol meets a friend, with whom he exchanges the following remarks:

—Sir, I wish to know you! Provisional smile on face of friend, puzzled.

—Hallo, Arghol, you seem upset.

—I wish to make your acquaintance.

—But, my dear Arghol, what's the matter with you? We are already very well acquainted.

—I am not Arghol.

—No?

Arghol realizes that 'he had discovered Arghol who had followed him in Hanp. Always *à deux*'. He knows it is impossible

for him to be simultaneously alive and divorced from Hanp. Subsequently, Hanp *does* kill Arghol but meets him, resurrected; Hanp commits suicide.

It might not be worth while recalling all this, were it not for Wyndham Lewis's preoccupation with the Orpheus legend. This dates back to this earliest work—set in 'a hut—a vortex, it is only too plain, and into its dark mouth all that is in movement in the visible world tends to be engulfed'—and continues, through *The Childermass* (1928), *The Apes of God* (The Arthur Press, 1930) into its final exploitation, the two books commissioned by the B.B.C., completing *The Human Age*. In *The Apes of God*, the myth is taken as a whole and re-created; for example, its hero is Zagrens ('torn in pieces') named after Dionysus, whose worship became later identified with that of Orpheus. In the legend, Zagrens has Zeus for father; in *The Apes*, there is a philosopher-disciple relationship between Pierpoint and Zagrens; the book's 'effigies' are the myth's Titans, who first debase Zagrens and then resurrect him (via Vredegon, the most ancient of them.) The Orphean cosmogony begins with Cronos, and all *Apes* worship Time. Music, magic, incantation, sacred writings of a prophetic character, homosexuality, pacifism, the arts in general—all have their place in *The Apes of God*, as in the legend.

Nothing can make Wyndham Lewis's writing popular in the sense that Tennessee Williams and Anouilh can be called 'popular' writers; and, of course, he was not a writer for the stage. I suppose he is a writer's writer; but he ought not to be forgotten for the main source-book that he is of much that seems 'original' in contemporary writing.—Yours etc.,

Dorchester

MOLLIE HERBERT-DELL

The House of Habsburg

Sir,—I refer to the talk, 'Metternich and His System for Europe', by Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, published in THE LISTENER of July 30, which contains the somewhat astounding statement: 'The House of Habsburg did not want nations

and nationalities to co-operate; it did not want them to exist. The Austrian empire... was negative in everything'.

It seems to me that Mr. Taylor's ideas on the Habsburg Monarchy are somewhat akin to the myth of the Bastille; it is amazing how similar—though more polished and brilliant—his views are to those expressed by Hitler in *Mein Kampf*. Mr. Taylor should ponder over the words of his great countrymen, Edmund Burke and Lord Palmerston, who almost five decades after the first had died fighting against the spirit of nationalism, covered under the beautiful disguise of 'liberalism', said in the British House of Commons (July 21, 1849):

'Austria is the most important element in the balance of European power. Austria stands in the centre of Europe, a barrier against encroachment on the one side and against invasion on the other. The political independence and liberties of Europe are bound in my opinion with the maintenance and integrity of Austria as a great European power...'

At the same time, Palacky, the great and memorable Czech leader and historian, regarded by many as the father of modern Czech thought, remarked: 'If the Austrian Empire did not exist already it would have to be created for the sake of humanity'. Rightly so, for Mr. Palacky foresaw, just as Palmerston had done, that in due time his nation would be menaced by the surging tide of German and Slavic nationalism which in fact have made of his nation the victim of two successive occupations and of unspeakable suffering.

I fear for a generation which might be prone to accept Mr. Taylor's ideas without further examination. I fear for the spirit of Britain, if such thoughts penetrate into the minds of the young generation—to which the writer of these lines professes to belong. Such ideas of liberty and of historical truth are not liberal. As a descendant from one of the many national and religious minorities of the Habsburg Empire, as a historian, and as a writer, I feel strongly that your readers should know that the ideal of achieving unity in a system of many and very

different nationalities was achieved by the House of Austria, which is the very House of Habsburg, in a way from which modern statesmen and critics have much to learn. The House of Habsburg is not, as Mr. Taylor points out, 'a family concern'. To us Austrians the old dynasty is a source of hope and courage: it is *our* concern. The dynasty, the House of Habsburg, made it possible for a man born in Trieste, in Vienna, in Budapest, in Prague, in the remote regions of the eastern border of the Empire, to feel as Austrians. Austria, Habsburg—these two names cannot be separated: both stand for ideas which may not be understood by 'progressives' who have led Europe to the brink of downfall.—Yours, etc.,

THOMAS CHAIMOWICZ

Salzburg-Parsch

'Grandpa Lends a Hand'



The winning entry in category C (the best family snapshot), taken by Squadron Leader G. C. Strickland of Stanmore, Middlesex, in the competition held by the programme 'Mainly for Women', in B.B.C. Television

Samuel Rogers and William Gilpin, their friendship and correspondence, edited by Carl Paul Barbier, has been published for Glasgow University (O.U.P., 16s.)

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ALSO PLAIN TIP IN THE BLUE BOX

Knight's move, or castle's?

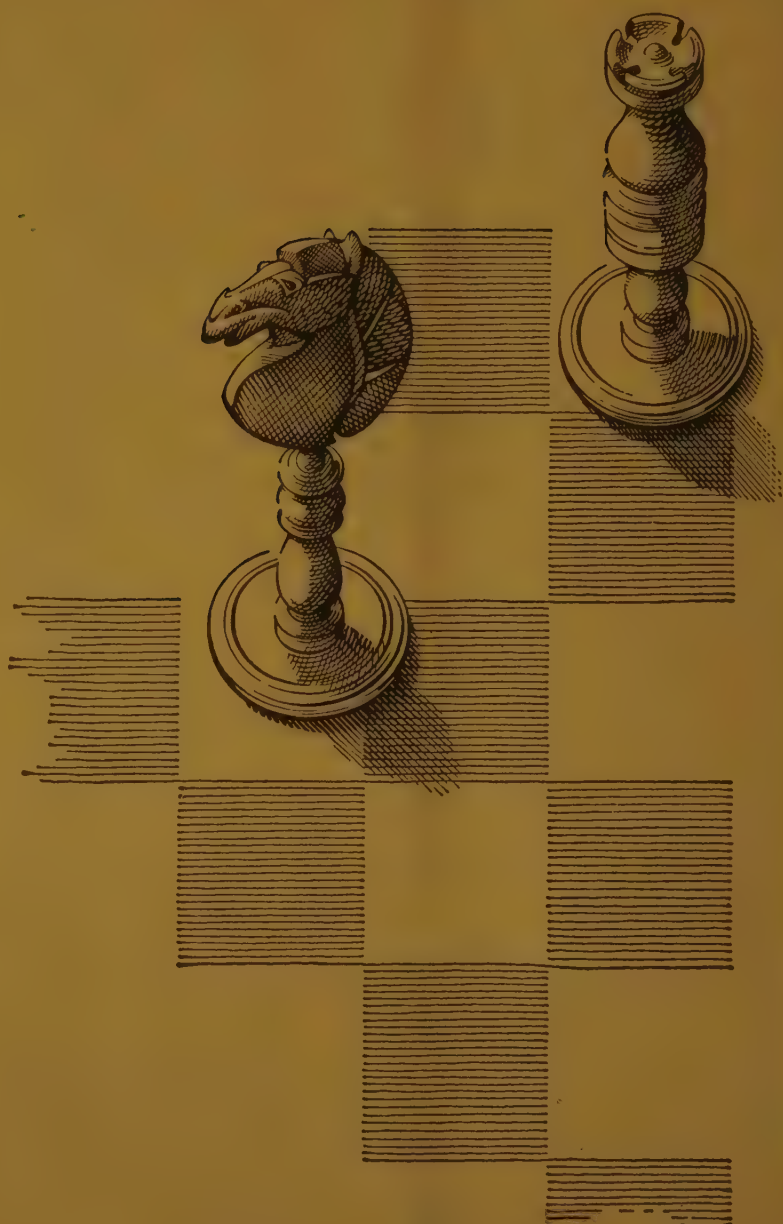
Can Shell be sure? Those who want to make a career in Shell often ask, "Where am I likely to be in 15 years' time?" Geologists, physicists, geophysicists, chemists, engineers, chemical engineers, economists and arts men: they all want to know where they are going to get to.

We may have a pretty shrewd idea, but we cannot always know for certain; partly because things move very fast these days, partly because people change their ideas as they go along.

The aim, however, is to plan a man's career several moves ahead. He may move in a direct line like a Castle. Or he may move like a Knight, sideways and forward. For instance, the chemist, engineer or chemical engineer can move from the operational to the commercial square; the geologist or physicist from exploration to production; the arts man from Marketing to Personnel Administration . . . and all towards top management.

And a pawn can always become a Queen.

As the oil industry and the chemicals-from-petroleum industry expand, the variety of moves a man can make is constantly increasing.



this is the world of SHELL

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Daniel Defoe: Citizen of the Modern World. By John Robert Moore. Cambridge, for Chicago University Press. £2 16s. 6d.

Reviewed by R. W. KETTON-CREMER

PROFESSOR MOORE of Indiana University has spent many years to the study of Defoe, and much extended our knowledge of his life and writings. Hitherto the results of his labours have mainly appeared in learned American periodicals; but he has now gathered an over-riding harvest into this imposing book. Defoe is a formidable problem for any biographer. The bulk of the works which may confidently be attributed to him have so far reached the staggering figure of 545. Professor J. R. Sutherland, whose life of Defoe published in 1937, met the difficulty by 'ruthless selection', and produced a first-rate biography which the present volume in no way supersedes. Professor Moore abandons strict chronological sequence, and discusses various aspects of Defoe, his activities and writings, projects and theories, in a succession of self-contained chapters.

The conception of Defoe as a citizen of the modern world, which he announces in his subtitle and emphasizes throughout his book, is reasonable enough. 'A pioneer in literature and journalism and history, one of the germinal minds in political and economic thought, a defender of religious toleration and an opponent of the evils of human slavery, an advocate of most of the effective reforms of the past two and a half centuries'—the language, here and in many other passages, may seem rather inflated, but on the whole he makes out his case. In many ways Defoe was in advance of his time, and the sum of his achievement is deeply impressive. A large percentage of his work is buried in inaccessible periodicals, or belongs to controversies long since settled, or was in its nature wholly ephemeral. But this book serves to remind us that *Robinson Crusoe*, *Moll Flanders*, *Colonel Jack*, the *Journal of the Plague Year*, and the *Tour through Great Britain* are not the only productions of Defoe that we ought to read.

Fearless on high stood unabashed Defoe. We knew quite well that in that comparatively remote age culprits no longer lost their ears in the pillory; but the contemptuous insolence of the line shows how Defoe was viewed by the late Augustans. He is unlikely to have been troubled by their disregard; but it is one cause of the paucity of biographical detail about him. In more important ways he was pursued by bad luck all his life. His business ventures collapsed, he was enmeshed in bankruptcy and plagued by mysterious family troubles. Those observant eyes, that restless and ingenious mind, that superb facility of expression, failed to bring fortune to the man who could exercise them so well for the benefit of others.

Professor Moore is a thorough-going partisan. Defoe is his hero, in whom he seems to feel most a proprietary interest. He goes out of his way to reprove a distinguished historian for 'not giving the trouble' to acknowledge that a passage in one of his books is based on Defoe's *Journal*. The historian in question hardly needed

Defoe to tell him that Londoners obtained coals from Newcastle, cheese from Cheshire, turkeys from Norfolk, or salmon from the Severn. But to an enthusiast much should be forgiven; and the enthusiasm of Professor Moore is equalled only by his industry and his erudition. People interested in Defoe will still prefer to read Sutherland's biography; but to many aspects of his writings and his thought they will find Moore a most valuable guide.

Italy: a Modern History

By Denis Mack Smith.

Mayflower Publishing Company. £3.

Of the fifteen projected volumes in the University of Michigan's History of the Modern World this is, perhaps, the one for which there is most need. Political histories of modern Italy in English are scarce, and we tend to underrate or misunderstand Italy as a political element. At one extreme the glamorous Italy of the tourist-brochures, at the other the brave, pathetic but sordid Italy of the best Italian films—both valid—obscure the realities of Italy the state and nation. The intense resentment of the long Fascist interregnum, not to speak of the hypocritical monopoly of the term 'anti-Fascist' by Communist propaganda, have also distorted the picture and induced impatience in the student. Yet the political history of modern Italy should be taken as seriously as that of modern France: it is no less a stimulus to an examination of the bases of democracy.

Mr. Mack Smith starts with 1861, when the Kingdom of Italy—all Italy except Venetia and the papal territory enclosing Rome—was established (in 1865) with its capital at Florence. For him this is not the climax of a glorious, though often ignoble and frustrated history, but a starting-point. It is a legitimate approach, and a necessary one if the historian is to account for the fact—and this may fairly be called Mr. Mack Smith's aim—that the darling of foreign liberal politicians and historians should so willingly and so long have accepted Fascist imperialism. The myth that Mussolini was merely the tool of reactionary capitalism is exploded, and the clear narration of Italy's foreign, domestic, social and economic policies shows that Fascism had at least some roots in Italian liberalism, even in the Risorgimento itself, as Mussolini claimed. Crispi, for example, manipulated parliament almost as unscrupulously as Mussolini to achieve personal dictatorship; he also steered Italy towards close relations with Berlin. It is a piquant detail that even the banishment to the Lipari islands was anticipated in the 'seventies by the *domicilio coatto*, or forced internal exile, practised by Nicotera, Minister of the Interior in the otherwise enlightened Depretis government.

The thesis is not, of course, pressed too far. Mr. Mack Smith warns us about his possible sympathies and antipathies, but his pro-Garibaldi attitude, as shown in his *Cavour and Garibaldi; 1860*, is here kept in due proportion, and Cavour's virtues are treated with as much fairness as Garibaldi's undoubted defects. Only Mussolini is contemptuously portrayed in unrelieved black; though even here, in writing of

the early years, Mr. Mack Smith extenuates the approval he received from sincere liberals. The later rake's progress toward corruption, aggression, humiliating subjection to Hitler, pathological megalomania and final catastrophe were not, as the bitterly disillusioned Croce was to assert, a mere parenthesis in Italian history, but Mr. Mack Smith agrees with the philosopher that Fascism was on the whole less dangerous and serious than Nazism.

Why did it come about? Basically because a supremely unscrupulous and fascinating opportunist could: provide a catalyst for the humiliation and frustration of the 1920 Peace, for which Italy's allies must bear some blame; offer a solution of the perpetual problem of insufficient economic resources to match ambitions; restore social order amid apparently unending anarchy (it is an understatement to speak of a 'so-called' seizure of factories in 1920); appeal to the sentiment of Italian unity; and finally build a strong central administration after the long Giolittian equilibrium, the system called *trasformismo*, had at last broken down. If anyone is a hero in this book it is Giolitti, and if he had been younger in 1920 the history of Italy would probably have been different. Mr. Mack Smith closes his story with 1945 but, with a reference to 'that great statesman', De Gasperi, he looks hopefully to Italy's future, though economic weaknesses, regional discontents, and the inability to achieve a regular, stable two-party system are still to be reckoned with.

ALEC RANDALL

Dialogues and The Art of Poetry. Both by Paul Valéry. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s. and 30s. respectively.

The aesthetic mind is rare, and the aesthetic language rarefied: but the subject is of central concern. Nothing indeed makes harder reading for the average cultivated intelligence than such works as the *Dialogues* of Valéry. Or, rather, the actual physical reading is easy enough: the beautiful, articulated paragraphs, laboured to the point of simultaneous complete marble and absolute fluidity, slip into the mind as if oiled. The trouble is that they slip, not only in, but right through.

First she seems, with her steps charged with spirit, to efface from the earth all folly, all fatigue. . . . And see, she is fashioning a dwelling for herself, a little above things—as though making herself a nest within her white arms. . . . But at this moment would you not say that she is spinning with her feet an indefinable carpet of sensations? . . . She crosses, she uncrosses, she weaves the warp of the earth with the woof of duration. . . . The two feet babble together, and bicker like doves! . . . The same point of ground makes them contend, as for a grain of corn! . . . They take off together and clash in mid-air yet again! . . . By the Muses, never have feet made my lips more envious!

This prose (the dots are all Valéry's, with one exception) builds itself up out of nouns which are all either abstracts or generals. Consider a bird on a tree! the poet will tell us: not so easy if we have to visualize a compendium of all birds from albatrosses to robins sitting on a compendium of all trees from monkey-



THIS MAN'S JUDGEMENT...

It is not important to know precisely what the man in the picture is doing. Go into any modern factory and you will find people like him at the control panels. What is important is that he has never mattered more. His judgement is the critical factor in today's industrial processes.

In an age when industry is developing faster than ever before, each year sees some great technological advance. More and more processes mechanized; new techniques needing new machines to make things better and cheaper.

In all this fast-changing pattern one factor remains constant and vitally important—the skill and experience of the men who watch

the dials and move the levers. On their judgement depends the *quality* of the product.

Nowhere is this more important than in a highly competitive industry like steel. Modern high-speed production methods mean that steel's need for craftsmanship is greater than ever.

CITY OF STEEL

The man in the picture is in fact helping to make tinsplate in the City of Steel, tinsplate that will go all over the world. Quality is important; so is price. On his skill and efficiency depends a very great deal: the weight of The Steel Company of Wales' contribution to Britain's essential export markets—markets that affect directly the food we eat, the clothes we wear, our standards of living. This man's judgement is vital.

THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LIMITED

This is Broadsheet No. 15 from the City of Steel



zles to laburnums! We do not visualize before but are driven to conceptualize: and, less we are born (or made) aestheticians, retain except a vaguely splendid impression.

The *Dialogues*, to remove them yet further from the world of particularity, are set in Socratic Greece. 'Dance and the Soul' (from which I have quoted) is dominantly rhapsodic. 'Upalinos, or the Architect', the longest and most important, is an extraordinary fountain of ever-fresh ideas on order and beauty, revolving about this central conception:

Tell me (since you are so sensible to the effects of architecture), have you not noticed, in walking about this city, that among the buildings with which it is peopled, certain are *mute*; others *speak*; and others, finally—and they are the most rare—sing?

A dialogue, indeed, that provides many a text for the Anti-Uglies. It is also the best of possible commentaries on such of Valéry's own poems as 'Antique des colonnes'.

Such is even more the case, of course, when we turn to *The Art of Poetry*. No more important body of critical affirmation has been brought together in our time; but it is true, when all is said and done, that the 'Art' here is lovingly, so precisely and purely, displayed that of Valéry's own 'Poetry' in particular rather than of poetry in general. That lessens neither its effect nor its extraordinary value: indeed it could hardly of its very nature be otherwise, and we are free to suspect that in fact no such thing as 'poetry in general' exists, any more than 'man in general' exists, or 'love in general'. There are as many poetries as there are poets. What is said about one illuminates, and the intenser the saying the brighter the illumination; but lays down laws for none.

The two volumes under review are the first to appear of fifteen, which will comprise between them a complete collected Valéry, the first in English. It is a most important publishing venture and is being performed in absolutely model fashion under the editorship of Mr. Jackson Matthews. Of the two, *The Art of Poetry* has more to say to the general reader and is indeed one of the indispensable central texts of modern poetics: but both are couched in the most consummate prose, elegantly translated, and have lifted themselves out of the category of 'aesthetics' into that of 'art'.

HILARY CORKE

English Historical Documents

Volume XI, 1783-1832. Edited by A. Aspinall and A. Anthony Smith. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 24 15s.

The weighty volumes of this series continue to appear at a rate which compares only too favourably with that of certain other historical series. The editors of this volume are to be congratulated. Not only do they present large numbers of documents from manuscript or otherwise inaccessible sources, but also they have succeeded in marshalling this mass of material into eight coherent parts—to each of which, as to the volume as a whole, succinct (and perhaps necessarily rather arid) introductions are provided.

In parts I and II some 300 documents illustrate the organization of executive and parliament, and their changing roles in a period when the executive authority of the Crown (especially after 1810) was in retreat and the 'influence'

which had linked executive and legislature was progressively diminished until the Reform Act of 1832 came virtually to destroy it. Not until disciplined parties began to form after 1867 was there a return to that stability of government which 'influence' had provided. Not that 'placemen' and 'friends' formed a majority in the House. Predominant there were the 'unconnected' independents, mostly those country gentlemen whose 'disinterestedness, virtue, and public spirit' Lord North (and the editors of this volume) admired, and whose votes, usually cast in favour of the government which the King had chosen, could on occasion bring it down.

These same country gentlemen filled the magistracy, through which (as Brougham said) 'more than through any other agency . . . the people are brought directly into contact with the government of the country'. Justice (part III) could be cruel. Equally cruel was (part IV, local government and poor law administration) the position of children 'mouldering away in the workhouse' and of those (part V, economic development) suffering from 'the cruelty, rapacity, and sensuality of their masters' in the mills that Oastler denounced. Yet even though in 1812 Lord Fitzwilliam could report that 'combination indisputably exists [in the West Riding], very formidable to property and persons', and even though there was suffering in the post-war depression, there was no real danger of revolution.

Perhaps this was due to the conservative force of religion (part VI, social and religious life), perhaps to the popularity of the aristocracy. Certainly it was not due to an omnipresent army (part VIII, wars and foreign policy) for most men agreed with Fox that standing armies were 'incompatible with the safety of public liberty' and 'an exotic in England . . . disliked by the inhabitants', as Wellington said. Perhaps most important of all was the fact that the middle class, unlike that in France, never became revolutionary. Increasingly wealthy (in 1823 over 100,000 people had on average the equivalent of £10,000 in government securities), absorbing the greater part of the increased wealth resultant upon industrial expansion (between 1801 and 1832 the value of manufactures exported nearly trebled), this middle class could both penetrate the aristocracy socially and, when it pressed its claims in 1831, even command a place in the constitution of the kingdom.

Another eighty pages of documents on the 'second empire' (part VII) complete this solid collection. Its faults are at once of commission and omission. The notorious Lord Chief Justice Clerk Braxfield maintained in Muir's trial (1793) that 'the British constitution is the best in the world', adding that this 'required no proof'. Undoubtedly the workings of this constitution are fascinating. But perhaps the editors, in devoting almost one third of the documents and two thirds of the general introduction to this subject, have sought to afford too much 'proof' of the interest and importance of this subject. More serious is the fact that critical opinion is ill represented (the editors have little esteem for the radicals). Nothing written by Paine, Place, or Priestley can be found; nor even anything by Bentham, Cobbett, Burke. Further criticisms apply more to the series than to the individual volume. A full index is essential if such volumes are to be really useful. And useful for what? Such a volume as this, well conceived, admir-

ably executed, ought to be in the hands of every student of the period. Yet, nearly 1,000 pages long and costing £4 15s., it is to be feared that it will become a work of reference on the library shelf instead of a valued tool, permanently available in the student's room. A sad reward to the editors for their labours.

MAURICE HUTT

Slaves Unaware? By Magnus Pyke.

Murray. 16s.

There is no question mark. We are slaves and we are unaware. We have become servile to the gadgets which are supposed to serve us—servile to a degree that without them we would be almost helpless. But what is even more alarming is that the slave-masters, the scientists and engineers, are just as unaware.

Recently there was an international conference, in Paris, of the Computer People (as they call themselves—as though they were electronic leprechauns). Two thousand of them assembled and revelled in calculating machines, thinking machines, translating machines, automation machines, machines with gigantic memories, machines which could compose music, and machines which could make value-judgements independently of their human prompters. Each was concerned with his own kind of gadget, but few saw the sum of it all—the usurping of the human senses and the human faculties. 'Makes you grateful for power-cuts, doesn't it?', said one scientist, who foresaw the Machine going on remorselessly—until the electricity fails. And even then, like those marooned on the fortieth floor of a skyscraper by the failure of the elevators, we are helplessly dependent.

Dr. Magnus Pyke qualified as a public benefactor when, as a scientist, he wrote *Townsmen's Food* and exposed what science, or the abuse of science, was doing to our food. His *Automation: Its Purpose and Future* was an exposé, if not an exposure, of work of the electronic leprechauns. And, now, he serves another commendable intention in *Slaves Unaware?*

This is no 'Beware the Wrath to Come' book, nor is it a child's guide to gadgets. It is, as he says, a mid-century view of applied science. His examples of our slavery are telling enough, but it is our emancipation with which he is really concerned. That emancipation must lie in our awareness—in the understanding of what science is and what makes the scientist tick—and in a brisk review of the history of technology and a simple explanation of the thought-processes of science, he does his best to unlimber the reader and make him receptive to his more purposeful arguments.

One salutary reminder he offers, and that is that the veneer of science and technology which gives the gloss and glitter to our civilisation is pretty thin and our dependence on it precarious. It means little to most of the people with whom we share the surface and resources of this planet. Even an advanced country like Britain, with its heritage (in some ways an encumbrance) of the Industrial Revolution, will keep its place, or retrogress, according to how far it encourages and recruits its scientists and technologists. But it will also fail unless its industrialists, civil servants, politicians, statesmen, and, indeed, the ordinary people understand how to employ and deploy science for the common good.

Slaves Unaware? is a lively, and generally provocative, approach to the problems of the scientist in society. It may convince people that it is not enough just to build technical colleges

and teaching labs as annexes to a system of education which separates the scientific sheep from the non-scientific goats. Nor can we leave the momentous decisions which, arising from

scientific discoveries, affect the livelihoods of us all to men of affairs, who, however well intentioned, are scientifically ill-informed. RITCHIE CALVERT

New Novels

Billy Liar. By Keith Waterhouse. Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.

The Lion. By Joseph Kessel. Hart-Davis. 13s. 6d.

The Pledge. By Friedrich Dürrenmatt. Cape. 13s. 6d.

The Naked Trees. By Tage Skou-Hansen. Cape. 15s.

BILLY LIAR is an essay in the now well-established Amis manner. Someone is sure to say this of any novel about comic-pathetic frustrations in a provincial town; and this is hard. It is particularly hard on Mr. Waterhouse, who has already written a fresh and original novel of childhood; but here the derivation is too obvious to be missed.

Billy is a seventeen-year-old clerk in an undertaker's establishment in a small town in Yorkshire. He has a family—querulously affectionate mother, gustily hostile father and malignant Gran. You will not be surprised to hear that they do not understand him and that he has vaguely literary ambitions. Or that he has three girls, one blowzy, one prissy, and one just right. In fact, however, the story is far livelier and more individual than this would suggest. Billy's personality comes out rather uncertainly; at times he is endowed with far too much of the author's alert perception to make his idiocies credible. Fortunately so—for in telling his own story he brings Stradhoughton, its pubs, its dance-halls and its civic dignitaries very much to life. The minor characters, of whom there are many, are by no means the established stereotypes.

Mr. Waterhouse has a sharp eye, a pretty turn of phrase and the power to bring a whole cavalcade of oddities before the reader's vision. All that is wrong is that he has gone along too quietly with an easy formula. The contrast between Billy's No. 1 thinking (directed, and more or less rational) and his No. 2 thinking (day dreaming) has been worked too often; nothing much comes of the entanglements that his fantasies lead him to. We need a little of the pointless fatuity of his badinage in the office, but we don't need as much as we get. Finally, Billy just goes back home. In the meantime, however, his world has become real, and touched with more understanding and sympathy than the story gives occasion for. Like several of the younger English novelists Mr. Waterhouse could well be more ambitious. By this I do not mean more portentous or less funny; simply that he might work more nearly to the limits of his own real insight, instead of paddling around contentedly in the shallow end.

The Lion (translated from the French by Peter Green) is the work of an old professional. We are told on the cover that it is Kessel's thirtieth book; and the whole improbable and absorbing tale is carried through with great accomplishment. The setting is a game-reserve in Kenya, and the narrator is a peripatetic Frenchman, middle-aged, shrewd and contemplative. He arrives on the scene intending only

a flying visit to see something of the wild animals; and he steps immediately into a critical situation. Bullett the Game Warden is in love with his job, the bush, and the animals under his charge. For Patricia, his eleven-year-old daughter, the animals are an obsession. She can watch them and mingle with them unharmed and talk to them in their own language.

The outsider in this jungle idyll is Sibyl, Bullett's wife; she is at the end of her tether; she has lost her nerve from the solitude and the savagery and the passions that she cannot share; and she is understandably anxious to give her daughter something like a normal education. Patricia's special devotion is to a lion, who plays with her like a spaniel; the Masai think she is his daughter. Patricia in fact is in love with him, though unluckily he has two lionesses already. This explosive state of affairs comes to a violent climax in the few days of the narrator's stay. Patricia's Peaceable Kingdom is disrupted, and her apprenticeship to the long littleness of life begins.

It is done with great skill and delicacy of feeling, but with something less than consistency. The Bullett family, its unforgettable atmosphere of an English household precariously maintaining itself in a tropical wilderness, is established with complete authenticity. Accounts of English colonial life by foreigners often seem a little odd to English eyes; but this is very much the real thing. And Patricia's romance with the wild beasts carries its own kind of conviction too; the whole ancient longing for an intimate and natural bond between man and the animal world lies behind it. Unfortunately it does not carry conviction on the same plane as the other parts of the tale. The realism and the poetic fantasy get in each other's way, and when the two are brought together the willing suspension of disbelief breaks down rather badly. Of course it is the point of the book that Patricia, who can lie down between a lion's paws and play with his mane as if he were a huge kitten, does not belong in the world of laws and schools and ordered civilisation. The breakdown is a rather different one—that the two parts of the story don't belong to the same imaginative order. All the same, it is a touching and unusual novel, and one that lingers in the imagination.

The Pledge is also a most accomplished job, this time from Switzerland. (Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston.) Friedrich Dürrenmatt is known as a distinguished playwright and man of letters. It is a little hard to see what motivates this grey and plausible story—a detective story in the strictest sense, since it is all about detectives. A child has been murdered. Inspector Matthai of the Zurich

police pledges himself to find the killer. Due to be seconded to a job in Jordan, but it up, and incidentally gives up his police job to continue the investigation on his own. It becomes an obsession to which he sacrifices his whole life. A quiet orderly man with a professional position, he degenerates to the level of his single mania. His story is told by an ex-chief of the Zurich police to a chance travelling acquaintance, who happens also to be a writer of detective stories. Gently and ironically the narrator derides his compulsion for giving things a pattern and a significance that they never have in life. He knows that the novelist would do—he would arrange it. Matthai is right in the end, that he finds the murderer:

By such a twist, by showing Matthai's success, you would not only be making a degenerate detective interesting, but in fact forming him into a biblical figure, a kind of modern Abraham in the greatness of his hope and faith—and thus a senseless story, of someone who searches for a non-existent murderer because he believes in the innocence of a guilty man, and thus becomes a meaningful parable.

But when the solution comes it is empty, pointless and has nothing to do with Matthai at all. His degeneration has had no result, no justification. So Herr Dürrenmatt turns a senseless story into a story about the senselessness of things, which is something different. A skilful performance that exactly fulfils its intentions. Only a slight doubt remains whether the tale will bear all the significance that is intended to attach to it.

The Naked Trees is the first novel of a Danish critic. (Translated by Katherine Janney.) It is about a group of young people during the German occupation. They are engaged in sabotage and resistance work; and to judge by the atmosphere of this tale the resistance in Denmark must have been a less desperate affair than it was in many parts of Europe. One of the youthful saboteurs is reproved by the others for being unnecessarily rough with the guards. It is a welcome note of humanity that is nevertheless strange to find in these circumstances. However, it is not mainly a novel of the resistance. War is the background to private life; and in that way that private life and the proper occupation of decent civilized young people can continue to subsist during these years is both surprising and reassuring. This is an artless and unaffected novel which has incidentally a considerable documentary interest. It also has the quality, common in these days, of making one feel more warmly towards both the author and the world.

GRAHAM HUGHES

You parlez anglais ?



Good. Back from Paris, just. Weeks of negotiations, patient, complex, cordial, triumphant.
Le shake-hand. Le pat-back. Soit! A la vôtre . . .

All complete now. All sworn, sealed, stamped, signed, settled. All legal.

The Party of the First Part (nous voilà partis) etc., the Party of the Second Part (la soirée au deuxième) etc. . . the Party of the Third Part (la quidame qui danse a ladite soirée) etc. . . Whereas (considérant que) . . . Notwithstanding (assis) . . . As witness (que le ciel nous soit témoin) etc . . . All official.

Meaning? That Wilmot Breedon, offering their technical knowledge (*savoir-how*), have bought a major holding (*force majeure*) in famous French components company Autocoussin Dura S.A.!

Meaning that Britain (*L'intrépide Albion*) now has a foothold (*assiette de pied*) in the motor vehicle components side of the European Common Market (*marché vulgaire, mais fort commode*).

Vive la reine! Vive le commerce et la science des mécanismes! Vive la France! Vive la joie!
Et long vive Wilmot Breedon whose locks, handles, window-winders, bumpers, over-riders, etc., virtually every British car roads today, etc., now whizzing about all over Europe etc.

WILMOT BREEDEN are at Birmingham : also at London, Manchester, Bridgwater, Glasgow, Melbourne, Toronto.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Ups and Downs

REGULAR SERIES usually maintain a pretty even form (good, or otherwise), but the occasional ones tend to go in for more drastic ups and downs. In the nature of things the critic devotes more of his attention to the downs: he busily takes these to pieces for the amusement of himself and his public, while letting the ups go by, perhaps with some slight word of commendation, as a matter of course. This is not really a matter of malevolence or an inadequately compensated inferiority-complex: the fact is that dispraise is far more interesting, both to write and to read, than praise. Consider the mere vocabulary: dull, pretentious, tasteless, wrong-headed, sloppy, timid, outrageous, muddled, incompetent—one could (but won't) go on like that for ever. And then excellent, first-class, remarkable, fascinating, enchanting: well, I ask you!

Nevertheless I hasten to do Mr. Woodrow Wyatt the justice of remarking that his final programme, on Somerset House (September 9), was in an altogether different class from his two others. Dropping his would-be controversial approach he was this time, on the whole, out for pure information. The result was not remarkable (there we go!) television, but at least it was a perfectly adequate half-hour's entertainment and instruction.

Equally I should not wish to condemn 'Land of the Lost' on the strength of one disastrous 'down' three weeks ago. The programme on September 4, on 'The Lost Indians', was well conceived, confining itself to a single theme:

the various approaches to the unfortunately necessary task of 'civilizing' the wild nomadic Indian tribes of the Brazilian interior. This is a necessity because the only alternative is complete extermination by the planters, who at present simply shoot them on sight.

As for the approaches, there is, of course, the orthodox missionary one, which takes these wandering, naked, lazy, godless persons and fixes them in villages, puts them into long trousers and 'Mother Hubbards', and sets them to regular hours of work and prayer. Another way is that of a remarkable officer of the Brazilian Indian Protection Service, who has set up a post in the jungle at which these people may ask for nuts and bolts or whetstones or anything else that comes into their heads. That *comes*, mark you, for he *puts* nothing into them. In this way, without interfering or upsetting the delicate natural balance, he aids them to work out their own social evolution.

Christian correspondents who took me to task for doubting the ultimate value of missionizing will have noted, if they saw this programme, a complete and wholly independent vindication of my position. I say nothing against the good



'On Target', a film about Britain's guided missiles, on September 8: the Royal Navy's 'Seaslug' in action

Fathers who appeared in this programme: they were obviously brave, devoted, self-sacrificing beyond compare. But evil may be done with even saintly intentions. The hard fact of the matter is that their Indians, like certain species in zoos, are dying off in hundreds. To the unconditioned, civilization may be literally a lethal disease.

Last Friday's programme, on the contrary, gave the impression of being hopelessly bitter here we were in the lost city of Machu Picchu and now in Manaus, and now suddenly on the site of the new projected capital, Brazilia. On when the half-hour was almost gone was borne in upon one that the theme was man's successive attempts to establish a great city in the jungle. This was entirely the commentary's fault: a fair statement of intention at the beginning would have made the difference. 'Unknown India' (Wednesday) was impaired by a genuine fault of cohesion. The first twenty or more minutes on the Hindu temples of the subcontinent's hottest south, were magnificent: who could ever forget the shots of the temple dancers performing in the sculptured court to the gods alone? But the last few minutes, on the primitive mountain tribes, were of irrelevance. It is clear, I think, that so far as the travel documentary is concerned, 'on place one programme' should be the rule.

On Saturday 'Crusade in the Pacific' came to an end. The tone has been chauvinistic, even though as a fighting man the Japanese has been given his due. But one cannot forgive the horrors. The announcer warns us of pictures of 'tough fighting', or words to that effect. But we see a naked chest sprayed with a line of bleeding bullet-holes; the spasmodic animal-jaw-movements of a man dying; another on a pavement slithering failing to rise out of a huge sticky pool of his own blood. These men are all Japanese. Presented with indictments of human war, we could gnash our teeth and watch them: but as symbols of American military revenge they make the blood run worse than cold.

HILARY CORKE



'Land of the Lost', the film of the Oxford and Cambridge Expedition to South America—IV: 'Lost Cities and Lost Men', on September 11: above, head of a statue at a pre-Inca site in Bolivia; left, a rock formation in north-east Brazil

RAMA

Playwright behind Bars

WHAT HAPPENS to playwrights when they become salaried script-writers? Intone this question from the shore of Echo Lake, and back comes the melancholy answer: "They become salaried script-writers".

If one compiles a list of writers who have at times been on contract or attachment to television—writers such as Ian Dallas and Robert Arnall—it seems that drama withers when it is placed in captivity. I do not think this is a matter of crude external pressure—exhortations to avoid down-beat endings and to write every scene with one eye on the ratings; it is much more likely that the change is the price the writer pays for inhabiting a professional atmosphere. An activity that began as something wholly and personally turned into a routine; the struggle for expression gives way to the less painful exercise of producing a solid, workmanlike job.

I am not objecting to dramatic journalism as such: considering the quantity of material that has to be found, it is dispensable, and sometimes it is good (as when practised by such documentary visitors as John Elliot and John Prebble) that one would not dispense with it on any terms. At the other end of the scale there is work which should never have got into the schedules at all; television drama should have no place for the hack.

Michael Voysey, whose comedy *A Spoke in the Wheel* is the pretext for this sour introduction, is the drama department's most regular playwright. I first came upon his work two years ago with the productions of *A Woman of Property* and *The Amorous Goldfish*. Both were macabre Victorian pieces and the first, based on a particularly horrible murder case of the eighteen-seventies, distilled a mixture of hypocrisy, physical degradation, and rapacity into the most noisome essence television could, to that date, inflict on me.

It was a powerful piece. Mr. Voysey has not equalled it since, and his subsequent work has betrayed an ever increasing degree of, to me, careless facility, professional detachment, and plain boredom.

His choice of subjects is nothing if not varied: *The Maitland Scandal* concerned a suburban status battle conducted in a manner suspiciously reminiscent of *The Winslow Boy*; then came that footling hotel serial, *The Royalty*; *Bernadette Soubirous* tried to make hagiography palatable by giving the Lourdes miracle the setting of a Clochemerle-type village. Earlier this year Mr. Voysey adapted two stifflingly feminine plays by Mary Hayley Bell and Dorothy Lang; and



Ann Castle (in bed) as Millie Fairways and Prunella Scales as Susan in *A Spoke in the Wheel* on September 13



A scene from *Dixon of Dock Green* on September 12, with Jack Warner (third from right) in the name part

dictable and well-made scripts it is that unpretentious, earth-bound entertainment has as much right to good dialogue as have the most ambitious productions. In last Saturday's episode Mr. Willis handled prison argot with rather self-conscious volubility; but it was all real, hard language, and the characters owe their solidity to it.

R. C. Sherriff's radio play, *Cards with Uncle Tom*, is an expertly carpentered thriller containing two perfectly timed surprises. Apart from one dream episode, which had obviously been conceived for radio, it transferred very smoothly; and the visible transformation of the bland Toby-jug figure of Uncle Tom into the narrow-eyed conspirator quietly eliminating the alibis of his trusting nephew, screwed up the tension one more excruciating notch. Charles Carson and Eric Porter played out the duel between vanity and greed with a fateful intensity.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

A Pageant against Darkness

IT IS NOT surprising that the life of Galileo interested Brecht dramatically and philosophically. Galileo represented an enlightenment fighting against the superstition and bigotry of an established order. This fight contained a debate which was of the kind that Brecht often had to introduce artificially in his other plays. Apart from the appeal of the debate, Galileo's life also offered Brecht an opportunity to stage a series of pageants and tableaux that must make *Galileo Galilei* (Third, September 9) the richest of all the theatrical experiences he ever created.

The radio production by Mr. H. B. Fortuin, who was assisted by Mr. W. A. Glen-Doepel, revealed the debate but could quite naturally hint only at the majesty of the stage performance. In a succession of filmic scenes, which are interrupted and introduced by the songs of Hanns Eisler, Galileo (Mr. Edward Chapman) is shown in relation to the people and the events of thirty-two years of his life. Brecht sketches the disciples who desert him, the



Eric Porter as Edward Bradley and Charles Carson as Uncle Tom in *Cards with Uncle Tom* on September 8

in *A Spoke in the Wheel* he embarks on yet another genre.

Hollywood light comedy of the nineteen-thirties is the model, and in translating it into English Mr. Voysey makes it a point of honour to cram in every West End cliché of attitude, situation, and dialogue no matter how crazy the results of this procedure. The preposterous plot concerns a disgruntled heiress who feels that even though she is in control of the British equivalent of General Motors no one appreciates her as a human being. Fictional heiresses are never kept waiting, and Millie is soon basking in the admiration of her Cockney chauffeur who, at the end of the play, sweeps her off into service at another household so that they can save up to buy a hotel.

I do not propose to quote from the six pages of dreadful dialogue I noted down during Hal Burton's production. But there is one episode worth isolating as typical of Mr. Voysey's free-booting tactics. After the chauffeur has moved into Millie's sumptuous flat his aged gin-swilling mum (character part: lower class) pays a visit. Does she want money? Yes, she does. How much? Only £10. The remainder is remarkably similar to the first encounter in *Pygmalion* between Higgins and Doolittle.

Dixon of Dock Green has returned. If there is one thing that stands out in Ted Willis's pre-



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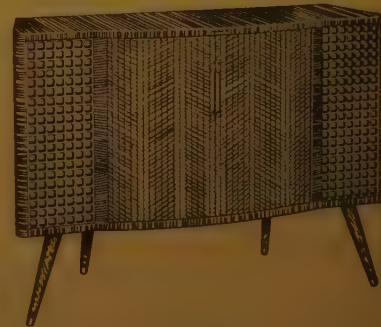
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on people who ironically despise him, his
ter who almost kills his spirit by protect-
is flesh, the self-interested priest scientists,
itch-doctor priests, the callous politicians
the conscience-ridden Pope. In the light of
these relationships Galileo's plight is
ntly revealed but there comes a moment
it seems that Brecht, in his hunt for a
, bends the lesson of Galileo to his own
tophy. Galileo's recantation is pathetic and
standable but Brecht makes him emerge
phant as one of those Stalinist heroes who
only appeared to have lost sight of the light.
making Galileo an exponent of the thesis
the end justifies the means, Brecht
nders an opportunity to probe deeper into
motives that led first to the recantation and
ally to the writing of the Discourse.

was never of course Brecht's purpose to
at a ready-made conclusion and it might
rer to say that his presentation of Galileo's
le is not intended to reveal the deeper
ations. The onus of searching for them
ns with the audience which, on this
on, was given a performance which
ed impact in every word. I shall remember
rticular Mr. Chapman, Miss Pauline Jame-
Virginia, Mr. William Eedle's Sarti, and
Heron Carvic's Cardinal Barberini.

es, by Sudermann (Home Service, Septem-
and 9), was given a cautious introduction
adio Times by Mr. Basil Ashmore. Mr.
ore wrote that *Roses* was too far in
ce of its day to be fully appreciated forty
ago. He also seemed to feel that the author
Quiet Corner needed to prove his claim
at *Roses* would win his case. Though all
variations were acted and produced for all
were worth I could not help feeling that
were rather slight dramatic vignettes.
of *Light* was a dream-like incident in
an unfaithful wife is plucked from life by
at husband in a summer house loaded with
olically plucked roses. *Margot* was a beauti-
worked piece about the anonymous love of
ng girl for her mother's lawyer. *The Last*
reveals a servant's daughter as the real
of an officer who has been shot in a duel
was the strongest of the four variations. *The*
way Princess had more of the sardonic
ur that one thinks of as lying behind
dello. As one who was already prepared to
m Sudermann for *A Quiet Corner*, I do
eel that these curious little period pieces add
to his stature.

e. Denys Burrows's *Sunset* (Home, Septem-
0) dealt unsentimentally with the problems
ace an aged couple who are living with their
ter and her husband who are realistically
to their elders. Tom and Dora, the couple,
out to re-start a home of their own and
oes well until Tom loses his job and the
e are once more faced with returning to
daughter. As Tom and Dora aroused sym-
rather than pity, Mr. Burrows's appeal for
standing of the aged was well put.

r. James Parish's *Message for Margaret*
e, September 12) was nasty as well as being
l. It featured two women squabbling over
ove of a dead man. Plays like this are
ded as good 'Saturday-Night Theatre'
but they will drive the nails into the coffin
ound Broadcasting Drama.

IAN RODGER

SPOKEN WORD

Get Organized

FFITTER TITLE could have been found for
roadcast version (September 8, Third) of Sir
les Snow's recent Rede Lecture than the
he gave it. 'The Imperatives of Educa-

tional Strategy' suited both character and tone,
as well as content, of this Field Marshal's
memorandum on the necessity of a revolutionary
change of technocratic tactics on the 'Cold War
front. Admirably delivered, this condensation
had removed some of the shades of animus that
marked the original lecture. The sights were
raised, the views more sweeping, the generaliza-
tions and conclusions came more pat—and, to
some of us, more questionable—than before.

First among these was the now familiar insis-
tence on the cleavage between the 'two cul-
tures', scientific and non-scientific. This may
be true enough, but is it in any important
sense new? Since before Socrates, scientist and
artist have occupied different worlds, and
haven't very often succeeded in understanding
each other's terms. And even supposing the
cleavage to be now acute and dangerous, what
was the implied remedy? Let all the arts
students, according to the new educational
strategy, be taught the naming of machine-
tools, and the Second Law of Thermodynamics;
and let all budding scientists be given a mini-
mum injection of essential literature—the works
of C. P. Snow, shall we say, and perhaps
Dickens and Shakespeare. With just so much
strategic sticking-plaster will the leak in the
great dam be mended, and the two cultures
begin to be one.

But we have to accept the fact that civilization
begins from a division of interests and pur-
suits. And we are all of us—with one exception,
of course—astoundingly ignorant in most fields
of vital information. But even granting the
universality of Sir Charles Snow's insights, we
might feel doubtful about some of the results.
'History is merciless to failure', for instance,
seems to me not a meaningful statement. History
proves the event of success or failure, com-
memorates both equally, and in the process
very often demonstrates that the best-laid
schemes tend to come unstuck when put into
operation.

The full meaning of this educational strategy
can only be understood, of course, if we remem-
ber that it is designed to match and counter-
balance that of a 'culture' which is no longer
ambivalent for the simple reason that one twin
has killed or suppressed the other. Cain has
slaughtered Abel. And if we've been listening,
with concern, to the voice of Abel in *Dr. Zhivago*,
Sir Charles's lecture must surely have taught us
to think straight in this matter, and to dismiss
Pasternak as an escapist crank, a romantic-
symbolist mystagogue whose ignorance of the
meaning and function of machine-tools is only
to be pitied. Even so, while admitting that
borrowing the enemy's tactics is a part of mili-
tary strategy, we may wonder whether the same
principle can apply to opposing cultures. The
society that does the borrowing may thereby
have to sacrifice its own identity.

The listener who was left convinced of scien-
tific infallibility may have been brought up
short by a pungent item in this week's 'At
Home and Abroad' (Friday) in which Percy
Cudlipp cross-questioned Dr. Turner on his
recent findings that the human and animal
frame naturally supports a far larger amount
of radio-activity than was thought possible;
large enough to make the amount released by
nuclear tests negligible. Confronted with the
latest pronouncement by an American scientist,
that at least a million and a half deaths would
result from tests already carried out, Dr. Turner
stuck to his guns, while refusing to extend
their range. What do we do when experts dis-
agree—except conclude that if science is
infallible, scientists are not? A sad and subtle
distinction.

'Radio Link' this week concerned itself with

American reactions to the forthcoming visit of
Mr. Khrushchev, and for once in this series
there were no hitches. The far-flung conversa-
tionalists contrived to talk as if they were in
the same room, while keeping up their relative
stations. According to Republican Senator Scott,
who answered the questions, the great man is
awaited in a spirit of curiosity and open-minded-
ness, with a refusal to be over-impressed which
even the annunciatory moon-rocket has probably
failed to shake.

The rear of this week's column can be appro-
priately taken up by Arthur Hugh Clough, the
second part of whose *Amours De Voyage* was
broadcast in the Third Programme on Septem-
ber 6. A self-confessed incompetent, feeling and
understanding too much to make easy pro-
nouncements about anything, Clough the poet
is still memorable and convincing. And this, his
major work, proved a 'natural' for radio.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Edinburgh, Gloucester, London

A STREAMLINED RENDERING of Alban Berg's
Wozzeck by the Stockholm Royal Opera, relayed
from the Edinburgh Festival last Thursday
(Third Programme), revived a recurrent problem:
How far can perfect technique devoid of any
other form of intelligence serve a work; what
value is there in a performance that purrs along
like some exquisite Rolls-Royce and has nothing
to offer beyond mechanical accuracy? This per-
formance was most admirably sung (though
none of the chief parts had any really impressive
individuality), and admirably played (though the
music sounded no more than a collection of
notes made by a connoisseur of orchestral tex-
tures).

What was wrong? Simply, I suppose,
that the guts had been extracted and with them
the true, terrible bitterness, anguish, spiritual
torment had gone from the work. I have never
heard better singing of the name part or a
Wozzeck so hopelessly cultured, so much more
master of the situation than either the Captain
or the Doctor who are supposed to torture his
spirit. It was a fine performance and quite mean-
ingless. So, too, the orchestral playing; it could
not have been more refined or less in tune with
the tragedy it was meant to support and en-
hance. Two characters came to life in the way
Berg and Büchner intended; little ones—the
drunks in the café near the end of the tale. My
host, on whose beautiful hand-picked set I heard
this strange performance, after it was all over
put on an ancient 78 record of excerpts played
by the Philadelphia under Ormandy, and in-
stantly one rediscovered the truth about this
music and realized how little fire there had been
in the Stockholm Opera's careful, blameless,
lifeless version.

Anyone who has been a regular attender at
that strange, very English amalgam of the ama-
teur and the professional, the social and the
musical, which goes by the name of the Three
Choirs' Festival, will have listened to the
Vaughan Williams programme broadcast (Sep-
tember 9, Home Service) from Gloucester
Cathedral with a feeling of nostalgia. One could
see it all in the mind's eye and as the exaltation
in the fifth symphony mounted ever higher, one
could feel the wonder of that moment; such
music in such a building making a rare con-
junction of great works of art. The London
Symphony Orchestra, with Douglas Guest con-
ducting, gave an eloquent performance of this
work. Before it came the cantata *Dona nobis
pacem* conducted by Herbert Sumsion, a fair
performance weakened by the gentility of the
female half of the chorus. This work wears well;

the words still frighteningly topical, the music as powerful as ever.

There has been more Vaughan Williams at the Promenade Concerts, the Fourth Symphony (September 8, Third Programme), and the Ninth and last Symphony (September 11, also Third). Each was convincingly presented, the fourth by Basil Cameron, the ninth by Sir Malcolm Sargent. The former tended to let the harsh utterance of the magnificent opening movement have its head at the expense of the more thoughtful element in the work. The latter (a rare failing in his case) made little of the final climax of the last movement; the difficulty there, seemingly, is to hold back continually, so that the perspective is kept clear with the same cunning as the composer used, and at long last the great moment, when it arrives, naturally

takes on its inherent greatness and sets the seal on the whole work. This performance just missed that.

By contrast, nothing in the way of force and clarity was missed in Constant Lambert's *Rio Grande* as performed by the same orchestra (B.B.C. Symphony) and conductor at Saturday's Promenade Concert (Light Programme). There was all here that the surface of the music required and enough of what lies below that glittering exterior (the enchantment heard by the ships at anchor) to give atmosphere to the vision, such as Lambert saw in his solitary moments when nothing could console him but his own creative spirit, incommunicable to any but himself alone.

John Ireland's muscular, slightly acrid sonatina was played that same evening (Third Pro-

gramme) by Frank Merrick with a scrupulous attention to details of dynamics and rhythm (work's outstanding characteristics) which is a great pleasure to hear; a *mezzo-piano* was in actual fact a *mezzo-piano*; two against one was just to each metre. This was surely the best of playing a composer would wish to hear, with that there was sensitive interpretation notably in the 'We'll to the woods no middle movement.

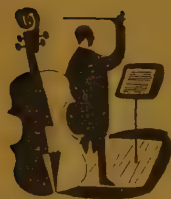
Finally, to return to Edinburgh (September 10, Third Programme) and the memory of *Spanisches Liederbuch* (a generous selection sung by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Irwin Seefried with masterly accompanying by Verba for the soprano and Gerald Moore for the baritone. It was a blissful experience.

SCOTT GODDARD

Luigi Dallapiccola and the Stage

By ARTHUR JACOBS

Dallapiccola's *Job* will be broadcast at 6.45 p.m. on Sunday, September 20 (Third)



NEARLY THREE YEARS ago Luigi Dallapiccola—at that time teaching at Queen's College, Flushing, New York—told an interviewer that he was working on a new opera. But, pending the fruition of that enterprise, *Job* remains his latest stage work. In three operas and one ballet, he has distinctively tackled the problems facing the serious composer in the theatre today.

Verdi, as Vincent Sheean's admirable biographical study, *Orpheus at Eighty*, has recently reminded us, was born a French citizen. Dallapiccola was born an Austrian one—at Pisino, Istria (now in Yugoslavia) in 1904. Because his father was suspected of Italian nationalism, the family was compulsorily moved well away from the frontier, to Graz. There, in the context of a German-speaking community, Dallapiccola began his acquaintance with opera. Later he formally adopted Italian citizenship, and has always shown himself very much an Italian in national feeling; but his early experience not only gave him command of German (he has set Goethe and Heine in the original) but also laid in him the seeds of sympathy with Schoenberg's method. Only recently has twelve-note technique established its present wide hold on Italian composers (even showing in the latest works of the veteran Gian Francesco Malipiero), but Dallapiccola has practised it since the early nineteen-thirties.

Moreover, we may suspect that a youthful diet of Mozart and Wagner in Graz had some share in forming Dallapiccola's rather 'philosophical' approach to the theatre. It is not surprising that Dallapiccola should admire Busoni, and that he is the co-editor of a recent Italian collection of Busoni's writings. Yet he has evidently not accepted in its entirety Busoni's anti-romantic view of what an opera should be. Busoni, explicitly rejecting *verismo* and denouncing the love-duet as particularly repulsive, claimed that opera should deal with the supernatural or the unnatural and should hold a non-realistic mirror to life: 'the magic mirror is for grand opera, the comic for light opera'.

In Italy today operas are being composed which follow Busoni's precepts, for instance *Venere prigioniera* ('Captive Venus') and *Il Capitano spavento* ('Captain Terror') by G. F. Malipiero; and, completely on the other side, there are operas still pursuing Puccini-like romanticism, such as Renzo Rossellini's recent

Il Vortice ('The Vortex'—but no relation to Noël Coward's play). Dallapiccola appears to occupy a middle position: In two operas he has not scorned the Puccini-like creation of a 'strong' hero in a 'realistic' context with whom we may wishfully identify ourselves. *Night Flight*, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's celebrated novel, gives its title to Dallapiccola's first opera (*Volo di Notte*, 1940) in which an airline director persists in pioneering a schedule of night flights despite a pilot's death. *Il Prigioniero* (1950), introduced to Britain by the B.B.C. in 1954 and recently produced as *The Prisoner* with great success by the New Opera Company at Sadler's Wells, presents a captive of the Inquisition who, after physical torture, is further tortured by the illusion of hope.

It is tempting to compare the three-chord-motto opening of *The Prisoner* with the similar opening of *Tosca*, and the hero's later 'political' outburst (greeting the bell of freedom, and declaring that King Philip's days are numbered) with Cavaradossi's '*Vittoria, vittoria!*' But Dallapiccola has chosen heroes whose concern is not sexual (though there is admittedly sexual tension between the airline director and the wife of the doomed pilot in *Night Flight*) but ethical: one cannot conceive Dallapiccola allowing sex to wipe out all ethical considerations, as in Puccini's *Turandot*. Moreover, Dallapiccola attempts a spiritual and universal interpretation of his concrete, particular plot.

Roman Vlad, in his excellent booklet on Dallapiccola, has pointed out that *Night Flight* is permeated by twelve-note themes taken directly from Dallapiccola's previous work, a setting of three *laudi* (thirteenth-century religious poems). Chief among these borrowed themes is one which is heard instrumentally at the beginning of the opera and is later sung wordlessly by an unseen voice when a radio operator, repeating the words of the pilot about to crash, reaches the point of climax: 'I see the stars!' A suggestion of spiritual meaning in the pilot's destiny is obviously intended. With this may be compared the prominent, though theatrically puzzling, use of the unseen, unidentified choruses singing Latin liturgical words in *The Prisoner*.

Dallapiccola's ballet of 1948, *Marsyas* (*Marsia* is the Italian form) also has a strong ethical content. Apollo as godhead kills Marsyas as the over-presumptuous artist, but Apollo also 'bows his head in recognition of the pain' (I quote

from the scenario). With *Job* (1950) Dallapiccola again deals with man's presumption. This may be called opera, but it has none of the romantic side of the previous operas: its basis is non-realistic, and is perhaps sufficiently close to 'magic' in Busoni's sense. *Job* has a narrator to tell the already familiar story, and God and Satan are represented by choral singing or choral speaking. Dallapiccola calls the work a *sacra rappresentazione* which is the Italian name for a medieval mystery play. There is an obvious parallel with Vaughan Williams—not in his *Job*, but in *Pilgrim's Progress*, subtitled 'A Morality'. It is of interest that Pizzetti wrote incidental music for the text of an actual medieval mystery, Abraham and Isaac, in 1929, and also represented the utterance of God by an unaccompanied chorus.

In *Marsyas*, in which the special province of ballet evidently drove Dallapiccola to Stravinsky-like cultivation of *ostinato* rhythmic twelve-note elements are relatively weak. In *Job* they are strong; and, as usual in Dallapiccola, the rows appear as recurring themes and prominent melodic figures. Thus the main theme grows out of the oboe's pastoral opening, which is sung 'straight' by the Messengers on entry. Later, just before the chorus thunder, God's 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?' the organ has a tumultuous upward passage which in fact consists of the main row followed by its retrograde, followed by the inversion followed by retrograde inversion, over a bass which remains in slow motion.

The use of recurring, identifiable, emotionally suggestive themes gives *Job* a ready appeal to the ordinary music-lover who still thinks of opera 'traditionally'. Further, although the choralism inherent in the twelve-note row is contrasted (as in *Night Flight*, *Marsyas*, *The Prisoner*) with prominent use of the major triad, nevertheless *Job* has repeated suggestions of firm tonality; and the meaningful quotation on off-stage trumpets of the song *Te Dominum confitemur* provides an 'anchor'.

Moreover, Dallapiccola's choice of instrumentation, and his moulding of the sung words, show the emotional temper of the words, and show his desire to communicate with the listener through the use of well-tried but still renewed conventions of musical discourse.

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Sowing Half-hardy Annuals

By F. H. STREETER

HAVE YOU EVER wondered in early spring how some gardeners get the half-hardy annuals to flower at that time of the year? The secret is to sow them now, in September. They start flowering early in May, just as the bulb season is ending, and are a help for filling in any awkward gap after the tulips have finished and before the early summer flowers come into bloom. They do not require much in the way of manure, although they relish two or three feeds when they are nicely growing and the soil is warming up.

Among these half-hardy annuals are the new Shirley poppies; they are much hardier than most people think. Sow them very thinly for summer work. I broadcast the seed through the flower borders and let them come as they will, and they have often given me a lovely show in the most unexpected ways and places. But for early flowering sow them now in a few shallow drills a foot apart. They will be up in a few days, and with the colder weather coming on they will stiffen themselves for the winter. Leave them alone; keep any weeds down, and run the hoe between the rows when the ground is suitable.

Love-in-a-mist, or nigella, is a useful flower for the children's garden as it is no trouble. Sow the seed thinly, then in the spring thin the young plants down to a foot apart. In town gardens and small gardens it is a treasure.

One of the most lovely of these half-hardies

is larkspur. Sow the seed in drills one foot apart, because these plants grow to a height of two to three feet. Often you see them sown in late spring in groups in the borders—but somehow they never reach their full beauty there. They



Papaver Rhoeas, or Shirley poppy

grow much shorter, and the sun seems to take out the colour; but from a September sowing you will have a plant that makes you proud. They are not fussy about soil either, and do well in almost anything. Get them well rooted before the heavy frosts, then in the spring they grow very fast. Cut them for the house as soon as the first blooms open, and they will go on flowering for a long time. Another useful flower for many purposes is the annual gypsophylla. Always give these plants enough room, at least a foot. They grow very fast.

Calendulas—called marigolds in my early days—have been improved immensely in recent years. Some of the varieties are even scented, and in shades and formation and size of bloom are very striking. Just a few seeds sown now will give you a fine show next spring, and you can 'cut and come again' as often as you like. These are excellent plants, too, for an old dry bank, where nothing seems to do, or, for instance, for a neglected bungalow garden left in a rough state by builders.

Cornflowers, too, have been much improved. Beside the blue there is a lovely pink and white. They have long stems for cutting, and they look well indoors. Sow now in shallow drills a foot apart, and grow the plants one foot apart. They do not want any manure; they are just right for poor, stony ground, though they do not object to a feed now and then.

—From a talk in the Home Service

Bridge Forum



COMMUNICATION PLAY is one of the widest subjects in the game. The familiar hold-up of an Ace is a simple example. Then there are countless entry-killing and entry-creating plays, avoidance play, blocking and unblocking. We will show in this article some entry-killing plays that run contrary to the standard advice, 'Second hand low'.

A J 9 5 4
K 10 6 8 2 Q 7 3

Playing no trumps, South has no communication with the dummy outside this suit. He leads the 8. Say that West plays low: so will the dummy, and if East wins with the Queen South may make four tricks in the suit by finessing the Jack on the next round.

It is true that East can hold South to two tricks by withholding his Queen when the 8 is finessed, but that may be difficult for him to judge. In any event, the best defence is for West to go up with his King on the first round. That holds South infallibly to one trick in the suit.

The same sort of situation arises from this lie of the cards:

A J 10 4
Q 8 5 K 9 2
7 6 3

Communication Play

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

When South, having no other entry to the table, leads the 7, West's best play is the Queen. That is the only play that will hold South to two tricks.

It is true that in this example, as in the preceding one, the play of the high card by the defender can be a mistake if the rest of the suit lies differently. The defender must judge as best he can. At any rate, he should be familiar with these defensive manoeuvres.

There are other situations in which it pays to play second hand high. Observe this distribution:

A Q 10 6 4 2
K 5 J 9 3
8 7

Assume that South, playing no trumps, has reason for wanting to keep West out of the lead. Assume also that he wants to establish tricks in the suit shown and has no side entry to the table. South leads the 8 intending, if West plays low, to finesse dummy's 10. West can prevent this manoeuvre by going up with his King. South cannot *ex hypothesi* allow West to hold the trick, and if he puts on the Ace he will lose communication with the table.

Another reason for playing high when second in hand is to prevent declarer from bringing off an entry finesse.

A J
K 10 7 3 9 8 6 4 2
Q 5

Short of entries to the table, South leads the 7 intending to finesse dummy's Jack. If he is allowed to do that he will gain an extra entry. West can prevent the finesse by going up with his King.

That sort of play is often hard to judge at the table, for of course the King could be losing play on many occasions. Nevertheless it is worth keeping an eye open for situations like this:

Q 8 4
9 6 3 7 2
A K J 10 5

This is the trump suit and South has urgent reason for wanting an extra entry to the dummy. To create this entry he may be prepared to make a losing finesse where no finesse is necessary. If he leads the Ace and follows with the 5—perhaps he leads the 5 first. His plan is to finesse dummy's 8. West should not be caught napping. His 9 is a valueless card and he should play to prevent this finesse of the 8.

Next week's article will present two problems in p

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

Red Tomato Chutney

I WENT in search of the lowest-priced tomatoes the other day, and found beauties, large and red and sweet, at 7d. a pound, and I made six-and-a-half pounds of delicious red chutney.

To make this you will need:

- 4 lb. of red tomatoes
- 1 lb. of cooking apples
- 1 lb. of onions
- 1 lb. of demerara sugar
- 1 pint of malt vinegar
- 1 teaspoon of powdered ginger
- 1 teaspoon of powdered cloves
- 1 teaspoon of cayenne pepper
- 1/2 oz. of salt
- 1/2 oz. of mustard seed

Skin the tomatoes and quarter them. Peel the apples and chop them roughly. Peel the onions and chop them finely. Put tomatoes, apples, and onions in a large pan, add half the vinegar and all the spices and simmer gently, with the lid on, till soft. While this is cooking, leave the sugar dissolving in the rest of the vinegar.

I simmered my mixture of tomatoes, apples and onion for about 45 minutes, for everything must be really soft so that it presses mushily against the pan when you test it with a wooden spoon. When it is like this, add the sugar dissolved in the vinegar and stir till boiling,

and cook very slowly till the mixture is thick in consistency, rather like jam. I gave mine another 15 minutes boiling after the sugar mixture came to the boil. Pour into hot jars and seal airtight, as for jam.

You can use this chutney immediately, but, of course, all spicy mixtures improve and mature with keeping.

MOLLY WEIR

Plaice 'Sandwiches'

I was told about an experiment in fish frying which I have since tried for myself with success. I asked the fishmonger to choose me some small plaice and to cut two double fillets—one from each side of the fish. Then I fried them sandwiched together, so that I had a thick, whole fish on the plate, but without any bones. I found the best covering for keeping the two fillets together was egg and breadcrumbs.

Dry the fish first, put the fillets together—first squeezing lemon juice over the inside—then shake them in seasoned flour, coat with egg and breadcrumbs, and deep fry in the normal way. If you prefer shallow frying, see that the pan is about a quarter of an inch deep in fat, and fry rather gently (taking about ten minutes). Deep-fat frying is quicker.

I also put some thinly sliced peeled tomato

in the middle of some of the fillets—not too near the edge—so that they made an unusual fish-tomato sandwich.

LOUISE DAVIES

Notes on Contributors

C. J. HAMSON (page 419): Professor of Comparative Law, Cambridge University; Barrister-at-Law; Bencher of Gray's Inn; editor, *Cambridge Law Journal*; author of *Law Reform and Law Making*

CLYDE SANGER (page 421): associate editor of *The Central African Examiner*, 1957-59

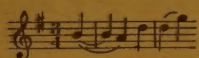
G. H. BANTOCK (page 427): Reader in Education, Leicester University; author of *Freedom and Authority in Education*

NINIAN SMART (page 431): Lecturer in the History and Philosophy of Religion, King's College, London University; author of *Reasons and Faiths*.

BARONESS WOOTTON OF ABINGER (page 437): J.P. on the Panel of Chairmen in the Metropolitan Juvenile Courts; Professor of Social Studies, London University, 1948-52; author of *Social Science and Social Pathology*, etc.

I. A. RICHARDS (page 443): Professor at Harvard University, since 1944; author of *Principles of Literary Criticism*, *Basic English and its Uses*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,529.



By Halezfax

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, September 24. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

The unclued lights (some of which are reversed) all have something in common. Two of them are to be read together. Accents have been ignored.

CLUES—ACROSS

- A daughter of Harmonia (3)
- Idly rendered peaceful composition (4)
- Welfare state limited to the stage (6)
- 53R. Drab is not lacking in colour (7)
- A single drink's enough for this operatic figure (6)
- The Scots relish fish (3)
- 21R. A vice of bell-ringers (4)
- This tune is a tonadilla or intermezzo (3)
- 23R. Maker of 46 (6)
- May be either the fourth or tenth month (6)
- Tribute at the bend (4)
- Debussy's work with 9 is woolly (3)
- Beltenebros is a mad potpourri (6)
- One note is apparently another in the Treasury (4)
- 37R. Rattle without spirit, stop (4)
43. Kind of scale not confined to hirsute musicians (8)
- Wrong notes, perhaps (6)
48. His invention times the score exactly (6)
- 49, 74R. Musical coat (6)
- See 17A.
- Not a flashy composer, despite his name (4)
- 57R. The instrument used at 50? (3)
- Fine and fifty—but still a child (5)
- 61R. Brahms' was a German one (7)
- Setting of Bunn's song for a composer (5)
- One gets a poor welcome at the bay (3)
- Any thesaurus gives this ox (4)
- 69R. Highland literary and musical festival (3)
- Score about major sixth—rot (4)
72. 'There had been no — in his life, there had only been holidays' (S. T. Warner) (7)

DOWN

- First note? No, says Jock, its Jo (4)
- 3R. End of movement in flamenco dances (4)
- Languish in the lane for a keyed instrument (6)
- Funk can start bellringing (3)
- Province scale 'Doh-ray-fah-soh-lah-te-doh' (4)
- L'Apprenti Sorcier certainly was not so (4)

- No matter which end of a medley (3)
- Moulding nothing to suit (4)
- Demure love and sex-appeal in a sensitive plant (6)
- The gait of a passage (4)
- British composer or poet (3)
- ñ—n (5)
- Eruption operating suddenly (4)
- Fine fist (4)
- 30R. 'Let the — pass' (5)
- This musical style is exemplary if E replaces A (5)
- An ancient page (6)
- 36R. Verse usually satirical (6)
- It takes 1d. to clinch a bargain (5)
- Of all eloquence a — is the most concise (Hazlitt) (8)
- Bandleader alias musical repetitions (3)
- Stupid request to Edward to perform (5)
- Scene of enticing piping (7)
- Shattered instrument in a tree in Rome (or Copenhagen) (6)
- 56R. Changeling in Strauss' *Heimliche Aufforderung* (3)
- There are crotchety ideas about love in Portuguese popular tunes (5)
- Event to which everybody goes back to see a composer (4)
- Character in pseudo Chinese opera (3)
- Non-musical sign from 10 (4)
- H. K. Browne drops a letter to reveal another (3)
- 74R. See 49

Solution of No. 1,527

A L I S T E S A N D O D O
O N T E X T R E E D I R
C A C E S P O T V I E S P
D I E S E L S E R A C E
I D L E R E A R T R O N
R E S N I P S T Y E V A
O N E O M I T H O P E C
N T A R E P E E L C R A
S A R N N U R L C H A T
T L E A T N E E M A B E
O L L T A I L S O I L R
P Y F I E L T U S E R E S

NOTES

Hidden clues.—A. Inch, minion, grit. B. Theme, rude, pen. C. Rivals, stride, mark. D. Otherwise, withers, run. E. Agora, hinder, useless. F. Certainty, rise, wand. G. Skip, trust, cornet. H. Weed, rind, measure. I. Sidewalk, talk, knob. J. Margosa, aid, ditch. K. Earth, list, suite. L. Employer, glimpse, handled.
Down: 13. Iron-clad 15. Rep-air

1st prize: Miss C. J. Macgregor (Aberystwyth); 2nd prize: L. D. Wakely (London, S.W.19); 3rd prize: D. J. Wade (London, E.11)

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